THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LEINSTER HIGHLANDS.

Miss Banim Continues Her Delightful Descriptions of Wicklow Scenery.

A Quiet, Cleanly, Orderly, Subdued People.

WICKLOW.

Having spent an entire day amid the delights of The Devil's Glen, we next (lest we should grow too romantic) made a tamer excursion. Still, it is a charming walk through Rosanna Demesne; past the old red brick mansion, across the lawns and paddocks, rich in old trees; passing, in fear and trembling, right through a big drove of bullocks which have taken refuge from the sun in what we call Mariposa grove, from the grove of trees which grow to (for this country) a great height of trunk before the branches commence. The bullocks safely left behind, and a hornet, apparently bent on making our acquaintance, got rid of, we have a pleasant chat about the people and the places around as we rest by the brook. I know perfectly well I ought to be poetical and romantic beside a rippling stream; I really would make poetry—if I could—or even do the next best thing, quote it, if only any sweet and appropriate little thing would come to my mind; but it is strange, yet nevertheless true, that beside a brook the only poetry that ever occurs to me is connected with Lindley Murray, Prosody, and my early days, when I hated grammar and the wretch who made me learn (as an example of Rule—something or other):

"By the side of a murmuring brook,
An elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
On the top of his wig was his hat."

Nothing more poetic or touching than that ever presents itself to me at the proper moment. But I blame not myself for the want of being able to appreciate sentimental or love-lorn poetry. I blame a dreadful man, with pale blue eyes, a weak smile and a strong Cork br—accent—who used, in the days when I might have otherwise have been romantic, to quote Tennyson, etc., at me, until it was hard to say, which I loathed most, Tennyson or the Cork accent. The poet himself would loath himself if anyone so hurled him at his own head.

Having rested by the streamlet, we leave the demesne and emerge on the bridge close to the Newrath Bridge Hotel. No wonder tired and dusty travelers enjoy the old fashioned, home like, quaint place, with its large, comfortable rooms, low ceilinged, but bright from the number of big Wyat windows which look out, some along the road to Ashford, but most looking and leading into the garden—

A REAL OLD TIMES SPOT,

reaching down to the river, and full of moss and cabbage roses, white Nancies, sweet Williams, white and orange lilies, lavender, old man's bush, box edgings, and summer houses, those blissful retreats for lovers and earwigs. Take it all in all, "Hunter's" is a delightful hotel, and many an hour have we passed leaning over the bridge beside the old garden, watching the various groups as they went here and there among the flowers, speculating about them and listening to their voices. And many a time we have joyously recognized among those groups friends from our own native place, and then what chats and laughter over old times we had in one or other of the summer houses. How often of a Sunday afternoon we have said—"Let us go over to Hunter's Bridge and see if there be any one we know about the garden." It is a charming spot, always (at least in my memory) bathed in sunshine; always peopled by beings who have not a care on earth, and it is always Sunday there. No working days, no care, and no rain. I would not for the world go spend even a week there, for a wet day might come, or an ill wind blow a crusty, catankerous, gouty old bachelor to stop in the house, dispelling all my illusions about Newrath Bridge Hotel.

The place next in order of wild beauty after the Devil's Glen, is the "Pass of Dunran," a spot seldom visited by travelers on account of its being off the beaten track, yet well worth going a few miles out of the way to see.

The Pass of Dunran is a mountain gorge, some three miles east of Ashford. A defile of a mile long, deep down between wooded walls of rock, beautified by the endless variety of color, form and size of the trees which clothe the mountain sides, and by the

FANTASTIC SHAPES OF THE ROCKS

which now and again start out in relief. One of these, "The Lady's Rock," is a sharp, pointed granite pinnacle, which rises from out the trees to an immense height, like a tall cathedral spire, around which is often seen wheeling an eagle whose nest is somewhere near. There is no river running through this pass; the only water in the glen is a small pool, still as death and dark as night. It is overhung by a sombre rock, and no life has existed in it, no ripple has ever stirred the surface since the victim of a fearful murder was hidden in its depths years and years ago.

Emerging from the shadows of this lonely place, the visitor finds himself at once almost on the seashore and in command of a broad and exquisite prospect of the surrounding country, the mountains and woods for a background, the blue bay stretching along in front from Wicklow Head to Bray Head.

Again, to the southwest of Ashford—our point of departure for all these excursions—is a well known and favorite resort for tourists, "The View Rock of Clonroe." On the rising hill just above the village, and situated in a spot that would tempt a painter to linger over the scene spread out below, is the little hamlet of Ballinalea (the town on the hillside). Go a few yards behind the hamlet, by a shady road leading towards the mountains, and you have a scene of soft rural beauty such as is rarely met with. You are seated on a green bank under a drooping, shady beech. In the valley below is seen, in its prettiest aspect, and tinted by the golden evening sunshine, the picturesque village, half embowered in trees and flowers, the river winding through its midst and spanned by its graceful bridge; here and there a peasant going quietly along with his horse and cart, a little group of children coming from school, or the farm girl driving in the cows for milking hour. Farther down, still in the valley, the demesne of Rosanna, just a glimpse of the old house visible through the trees, while on the opposite side of the river rise the grounds of a fine residence which peeps out from a group of old elms. Farther again, to the right, the distant town; behind, a tall mountain called "Slieve Bawn," from the soft white shade which it takes in the distance. To the left are

THE HILLS OF CARRICK

and the heights of the Devil's Glen. Beyond all, spreading along, is the blue sea line melting into the sky. I fail to give even a faint picture of this lovely spot.

Leaving it and passing through Ballinalea, and on for half a mile further, you come to Clonroe, the demesne of Mr. Casement, a gentleman from Belfast who settled here. In his grounds is the famous "View Rock." A narrow glade leads one to a winding path, up moss grown, irregular steps, turning and twisting under the interlacing trees, and through a delightful tangle of brushwood; stopping now and again to gather the full blown heather, the scarlet mountain ash berries, and pretty feathery mosses, or to feast off those delights of childhood—fraughans—which in addition to their sweet taste and the scramble necessary to get at them, possess the excitement of metamorphosing one into a being with dark blue lips, teeth and tongue. Chatting, climbing up and up, losing your way and finding it again, fraughan hunting and flower gathering, on and ever up you go, seeing no break in the wood, no opening to prepare you, until at last you emerge and find yourself at a great height above the surrounding country, and standing on a wide plateau of granite, commanding a view over a vast tract of land and sea. The winding ascent has been so gradual, and the impenetrable thickness of the trees so complete, that the extensive prospect which unexpectedly breaks upon the view strikes you almost dumb with surprise at first. A pleasant spot this is in which to pass an hour, high above the topmost branches of the trees around, seated amid the purple heather and golden furze, listening to the hum of the bees which come here from miles around, and finding out, in the panorama stretched below, all the familiar places in the landscape. Without leaving this one neighborhood of Ashford, I could point out many and many a charming place besides those already described.

There is a shady road leading from the village towards the celebrated

VARTRY WATERWORKS,

which excited the admiration of even the great French engineer, M. de Lesseps. This road winds along by pasture lands, groves, and meadows. In one of these latter is an ancient ash tree; its branches, wide spreading and sweeping the grass, cover an old well—"the well of the Holy Trinity"—which up to a recent time was one of the holy wells to which annual pilgrimages were made by the peasantry of the district. The pilgrims to these holy wells had a curious custom of tearing off and tying to a twig of the tree a shred of some garment worn during the pilgrimage, and there are still to be seen, on the branches all about Trinity Well, little scraps of Wool or cotton of all colors—memorials of many a grateful prayer and many a tearful petition. Past this quiet retreat the road rises higher and higher until you gain sight of the distant sea. Exactly where the prospect is fairest is perched the cottage of an aged couple, living all alone, the sons and daughters gone beyond the seas. The old wife cares for the cottage and the flowers—"they were the childhres' flowers"—amongst which they proudly showed some giant pelargoniums, one mass of bloom, notwithstanding their great age of twenty years. We made the old man's acquaintance one evening by asking him to point out to us the whereabouts of an old mansion once belonging to a family of that neighborhood, and the survivors of which we knew well.

"And did ye know of the O'—— family?" he asked; oh! but they were the real ould stock, good to everyone, with the open hand and the plentiful ways, and it's them and the likes of them that's the loss to the counthry." The tears filled the old man's eyes and rolled down his cheeks as he spoke, and from that time, whenever we passed that way, he would come out for a talk, often accompanying us a mile or so along the road, pointing out this or that mark in the landscape, telling of his children or his farm, until we came to feel a real interest in the old couple and in the fortunes of the children so far away.

The charm of this part of the county Wicklow is the great variety, the changes of scene at almost every step. There is rarely a long stretch of any one character, no time to weary of the sameness of an unchanging beauty; the constant succession of hill and valley, wood, river, and mountain, gives continual relief to the eye. And the people who live in the midst of all these beautiful scenes? I am afraid they would sadly disappoint those who come to Ireland to look for Lever's or Lover's Irish peasant. There is very little, if any, of the drunken, rioting, head-smashing, devil may care stage Irishman amongst them. They are, on the contrary,

A GENTLE, SOBER, CLEANLY PEOPLE,

very kindly and polite, very intelligent and bright, but, as a rule, singularly quiet. We remarked a sedateness even in many of the little children to be met on the roadside. I remember one day we lost our way on a mountain road, and, coming to a farm, we looked for some one to direct us into the right road. There was no person to be seen but a tiny boy, not more than four years old, seated sedately on a stone; a big hat on his head, a coat that reached to his heels, and a whip in his hand; he seemed ruminating over some weighty business affairs—the most elderly baby I ever saw. I felt he was not to be lightly spoken to, so "Honest man," said I, "can you put me in the right road for Slieve Bawn?" He took the "honest man" quite as his due, came round to the road, looked gravely this way and that way, and, having taken all the bearings of the place, said, "That way." Ashamed to mention sugar stick, I told my man to "put that by for the wife and children." "Yis," said he, putting the atom of a hand into a morsel of a pocket.

The little children of the village are the gentlest and most prettily mannered one could wish to see. During our stay among them many a graceful little act of the children's won our hearts. Once, when some thing had prevented our daily excursion after flowers, a little figure suddenly appeared at our glass door, a bouquet was laid on the table, and the visitor darted off before a word could be said. In a minute or two after another deposited some blackberries and disappeared, then a third laid her bunch of wild roses beside our book and ran off like her companions. These were the young grandchild of the house and her playmates, come to show that although we could not go out ourselves, they had thought of our tastes and would not let us want our daily supply of fresh flowers. What could be more prettily done? Another time, when taking our walk, we met a group of the same little folk; they gathered round and each presented the sweets they had just purchased with their Sunday half pennies, begging that we would take some from everyone. We had nice new gloves on, but what matter! If the gloves were cloth of gold and the last we had in the world we would not refuse the sticky sweets out of those warm little hands, for the sake of the warm little hearts that had prompted the offering.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

OUR CAUSE.

BY JOHN T. KELLY.

Said William O'Brien at the banquet to the Australian delegates: "Yes, we don't fear to speak of '98, not in the least; nor of '48, nor of '67. We are the heirs of those times and of those men."

Air: "The Boys of Wexford."

They say the cause is dead, boys,
For which in olden days
Our fathers dashed at freedom's call
Through battle's lurid blaze;
That Ireland's tattered banner,
That loved the mountain breeze,
Has fled the land,
Proscribed and banned,
To drop beyond the seas.

But here's to gallant Tone, boys,
Who longed to see unrolled,
In pride again,
O'er marching men,
Our flashing Green and Gold.

They say that Ireland's sons, boys,
Have lost the olden faith
When, in her name, her chieftains rushed
With fervent zeal to death;
When from the tameless mountains,
Through pass and heathy glen,
The clansmen poured,
With pike and sword,
To smite the Saxon men.

But here's to fearless Tone, boys,
Whose name shall ever stand,
A tower of light
Throughout the night,
To guide our conquering land.

No more with pike and gun, boys,
We battle for the right,
No marshaled lines of steel ablaze
Fling back the Sunburst's light—
But yet, did Ireland need it,
She'd find us ready, too,
With smiting blade,
And rushing raid,
To wage the war anew.

So here's to faithful Tone, boys,
Whose hopes our hearts yet fill;
We'll guard his fame,
And bless his name,
And fight for freedom still!

A Norwegian Wins $15,000

Ticket No. 59,843 drew the first capital prize of $600,000 in the June 17th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Hearing that Ole Anderson, of Chicago, held one-fortieth of the winning ticket, a *Traveler* reporter was sent to interview Mr. Anderson. He was found at his home, No. 259 W. Erie street, and in answer to the reporter's inquiries, said: "I was born in Agercoen, near Lillesand, Norway, and came to America fourteen years ago. I am a painter by trade and have made a very poor living for myself and family from my small wages. Last month I invested one dollar in a lottery ticket, which was one fortieth of 59,843. That number drew $600,000 in the June 17 drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery and my one-fortieth—$15,000—has been collected and paid to me by the American Express company. This is the first time I ever bought a lottery ticket and naturally I am rejoiced at my good fortune. I shall at once buy a comfortable home and will continue at my trade as before." Mr. Anderson seems a very worthy man and it is certain that fortune has this time bestowed her favors in the right place.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Arkansaw Traveler*, July 12.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

A BOOK WAR.

The Authors and Publishers of America About to Have a Lively Time.

What Eleanor Kirk Has to Say About the Matter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 14.—Mrs. Stranahan, of Brooklyn, not a citizen herself, but the wife of Brooklyn's most distinguished citizen, declared at a recent meeting of writers that there should be a public inspector of publishers' accounts, whose business it should be to keep track of all the books issued, just as there is an inspector of weights and measures. Strictly speaking, this office would be neither a picnic nor a sinecure.

Mrs. Katharine Hodges, of Brooklyn, author of "Fifty Years a Queen," accuses a book firm of some very crooked work, and announces her determination of making it warm for those who have swindled her. The writers of Brooklyn have pledged themselves to help Mrs. Hodges and each other by seeing to it in future that authors get what they earn. At 8 o'clock on the second Monday in October, at Historical Hall, there will be a grand pow wow, in which many well known men and women will take part. Until then, and perhaps for some time afterwards, the best plan for authors will be to publish their own books.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* calls the Windsor Hotel of New York a high toned liquor saloon.

In response to various questions concerning "rizz'ing," I would say that one cannot rizzle and read or even think at the same time. This process calls for the most perfect passivity of mind and body, and those who cannot induce this condition will scarcely make successful rizzlers. According to the opinion of our best physicians a great deal of dyspepsia arises from working either mentally or physically, or both, immediately after eating. The force that should be used entirely by the digestive organs is scattered and wasted. The blood rushes to the head and the stomach is left to take care of itself. To treat the stomach in this way is like asking a carpenter to build a house without tools. If we cannot stop thinking altogether we can certainly assume a recumbent position and do the next best thing. If folks would even stop worrying a half hour after each meal, they would add to the length of their days and the comfort thereof. I am acquainted with a literary man who five years ago told me that it was perfect nonsense to rest after meals, and that he always did his best work after a hearty dinner. Of course I knew he was a fool then, and now he knows it. The poor fellow is so handicapped by dyspepsia that he cannot write two hours a day, and hasn't a moment's pleasure in life.

Miss Martha Morton, the author of the successful competitive comedy, "The Merchant," just brought out at the Union Square Theatre, New York, has received, so we are told, $4,000 in cash for it. This seems a goodly sum, but if the author had dared to assume the responsibility of the management of the play, she would doubtless have done much better. The man who has bought it will make a heap of money, not only because of the intrinsic merit of the work itself, but because of the immense amount of advertising it has had. The *World* has boomed it for all it was worth, and all those who know the difficulties which lie in the way of success for women in this line, cannot fail to be grateful to this great newspaper for the assistance rendered.

I wish I knew just the right thing to say to the scores of anxious mothers who write me so pathetically. Nothing seems so cruel as not to have the means to take the sickly little ones to the country in the hot weeks of the summer. It is the refinement of torture, knowing as they do that the pure bracing sea or mountain air would put an end to their thousand and one ills incident to the teething period. There are many infants to whom milk—even mother's milk—is rank poison. It is wicked to insist upon a child's taking the food simply because it is so called natural nourishment. There is an old adage to the effect that we should always speak well of the bridge that carries us safely over. To the mothers who have asked advice for the second summer, I must repeat what I have said many times before. Carnrick's Soluble Food has been the bridge that has carried thousands of babies safely over the teething period and landed them plump and happy on the dry land of health and promise. My own personal experience with this food, administered as I have seen it to little ones, whose lives it seemed scarcely possible to save, has made me its friend forever. I know of nothing that can approach it both in nutritive and curative power. But take the babies to the country if possible, and let mothers remember that a trip once a week to the sea shore will be a great help.

In the New York *Ledger* of July 5 a new authoress of the somewhat peculiar name "Ida Boyed," begins a domestic serial entitled "Ottilie Aster's Silence," a refined story dealing with the family life in Germany of today. All who care for an emotional love story will certainly like this. The same issue contains an installment of Anna Katharine Green's detective tale—"A Matter of Millions," in which Mr. Gryce of "The Leavenworth Case," again appears. It has also the concluding chapters of Prof. Kitchen's religious Japanese serial, "The Fall of the Christians." There are short stories by Amy Randolph, James K Reeves and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, sketches by Dr. Felix L Oswald, James Parton and C. F. Holder, and a poem by Josephine Pollard, besides editorials, correspondence and science. ELEANOR KIRK.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

Another of the series of football matches for the championship of West Waterford was played at Dungarvan. The competing teams were those of Kinsalebeg (near Youghal) and Nier. The play stood at the call of time: Kinsalebeg 1 goal, 3 points; Nier 3 points.

An enormous gathering of people attended at Clonturk Park to witness the semi final ties of the Dublin football championship and the great contest between the Geraldines, of Cabinteely, and the Gaelics, of Belfast. The programme decided on was as follows: Isles of the Sea vs Faugh a Ballaghs; Belfast Gaelics vs Geraldines (Cabinteely); Young Irelands vs Erin's Hope. The Belfast men, accompanied by a large contingent of friends, traveled to Dublin by the Irish National Foresters' excursion train. This being the first time that a Belfast Gaelic team contested in the metropolis people were naturally curious to see the form of the Northerns, who from their peculiar social conditions have not up to the present given as much support to the Gaelic Athletic Association as the men of the southern counties, and, taking this into consideration, it must be admitted that they played a remarkably good game against such a formidable team as that which hails from Cabinteely. There was no doubt whatever that the Belfast men were beautiful kickers, who were completely ignorant of what roughness or viciousness meant, but then they were entirely too light, too weak, and too inexperienced to do more than make a good stand against a team of such high standing as the Geraldines. The semi final ties of the Dublin football championship produced two of the best matches that could be witnessed. The Faugh-a-Ballaghs (last year's champions) suffered defeat at the hands of the Isles of the Sea after a very exciting contest, and the Young Irelands gained the right to play in the final tie by lowering the colors of Erin's Hope by 5 points to 1.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held at the Limerick Junction. The draw for the championships resulted in Limerick being put against Kerry at Tralee; Cork against Waterford at Youghal; and Clare against Tipperary at Limerick.

Kilkenny vs Wexford (football and hurling), at Waterford, Aug. 8. Referee, D. Fraher.

At Dublin, Aug. 10, Wicklow vs Louth, (football). Referee, J. T. Whelan.

Queens County vs Kildare (football and hurling), at Dublin, Aug. 10. Referee, P. Tobin.

A very interesting football match was played at Midleton between the Midleton Juvenile team and the Lee Juniors, of Cork. The home team had matters their own way, scoring 9 goals and 4 points to nil for the Lee Juniors.

The fine athletic enclosure of the Young Ireland Society on the Ramparts, Dundalk, was pretty well thronged by visitors and townspeople to witness the football matches in which Derry and Dundalk teams were to try conclusions. The first match—Derry Young Irelanders vs Dundalk Dillons—was very closely contested, and after some brilliant play on both sides resulted in victory for the Dillons by a goal and 4 points to a goal and 3 points. The second match was Dundalk Young Irelanders vs Derry Emeralds. The latter team were not so well up in the game as their brother Gaels, who had played so well against the Dillons, and the Young Irelanders had little difficulty in scoring goals and points as they wished.

The final match for the county Kildare football championship was played at Moorefield between the Clane and Monasterevan teams. Score: Clane, 2 points; Monasterevan, 1 point. Referee, Mr. Brennan; field umpires, Messrs. Langton and Dowling; goal umpires, Messrs. Talbot and Corrigan.

The *Irish-American* of recent date says: "The Cunarder Servia, which sailed from New York on July 12, had among her passengers the strongest aggregation of hand ball players that has ever visited a foreign country. The party comprised Philip Casey, champion of the world; Bernard McQuade, who for years was the undisputed champion of New York; John Dunne, a clever all round player; Eddie Moran, and Philip Smith, ex champion of St. Louis. The others in the party are Richard Cronin, the well known Brooklyn contractor, and Michael Gillen. The tourists will visit all the important cities in Ireland, will take in Scotland, and then visit some of the great manufacturing districts in England. The first stopping place in Ireland will be at Midleton. Here they will receive a flattering reception from Patrick Barry, secretary of the Handball Club. From Midleton they go to Cork, where is situated the lord mayor's court, the scene of the great contest between Casey and Lawlor. The party will visit Blarney Castle, Fermoy, Youghal, Kanturk, and Mallow, and from Mallow the party will go to the Lakes of Killarney. In returning, a visit will be made to Tralee, the home of Thomas Jones, present champion handball player of Ireland. Limerick, Waterford and Tipperary will be taken in, the latter being once the home of Billy Baggs. Nenagh, which contains a new court built after the fashion of the Brooklyn Handball Club, will be the next place visited. A stop will be made at Urlingford, home of Billy Walsh, a fine player of this country; thence to Rathdowney and Roscrea. Mountrath, the birthplace of Champion Casey, intends to give the visitors a grand reception, and it is expected that the good citizens of Maryborough, the former home of ex Ald. James Dunne, of Brooklyn, John Delaney and other good handball players, will also entertain them. The tourists will then go to Athy, county Kildare; Carlow, the home of John Quinn, and Kilkenny, the home of Martin Butler, whom Champion Casey says was probably the greatest player Ireland ever produced. Then Galway will be visited, Roscommon, and famous Castlebar, where John Coggins was nursed and petted. A visit will then be made to the centre of Ireland, taking in Athlone, Castleblaney, the birthplace of Bernard McQuade; Belfast, Derry, Strabane, and Cookstown. Champion Casey says he hopes that Champion Jones and others of Ireland's great players will show their hands, as he will endeavor to arrange a single or double match to be played in Ireland and a return match in this country. The party will return about the first of September.

Football in Chicago.

As previously announced the contest for the championship of Illinois came off on Sunday week on the grounds at Indiana avenue and Thirty seventh street, between the Michael Davitts of the South Side and the Emmets of the West Side. The Emmets held the championship and expected to add new glory to their victories. They are old and well trained, and are skillful and active on the field, and the Davitts consequently felt they had hard work in a contest with such men.

At 1:30 they started from Wentworth avenue and Fifty second street, headed by the O'Connor band, and marched in procession to the grounds at Thirty seventh street. They were dressed in their playing suits, of green caps, blue jackets and pants, green belts, with the name of the club written in green letters on their breasts.

At 3 o'clock the committee from the West Side reached the grounds in omnibuses. Nothing less might be said of them. The grand stand was soon crowded, and every vacant spot was occupied.

At 3:45 the game commenced. Captains Fleming and Wolfe marshaled their men on either side of the field, and as the band was playing "God Save Ireland" they marched in military order to the centre of the ground. After the contestants joining hands the ball was thrown up by Referee Martin of the Innisfails, and an enthusiastic cheer rang out from the interested spectators.

The wind blew in favor of the Emmets and proved a powerful aid to them. The first half hour they scored three points and the Davitts one. Sides were then changed, the latter got the best of the weather and soon obtained a goal. Each side made one point more before time was called, and the referee announced the result in favor of the Davitts, who gained the goal and two points, the championship of the state being therefore accorded the boys of the old Town of Lake.

No one present failed to express surprise at the dexterity and manœuvering tactics of the players, and the order and harmony maintained throughout was highly commendable. The players on the Davitt side were: Capt. J. Wolfe and Messrs. Ryan, Gallagher, Hyland, Mulcahy, Donohoe, Wolfe, O'Brien, Kennedy, Carroll, Prendergast, Killeen, Doody, Wren, English, Cannavan, O'Brien, Lillis, McArdle, T. Wolfe, McArthy, and J. Keeffee. J. Sullivan and C. Casey acted as umpires. Messrs. J. Nugent and J. Flynn acted as cashier.

SOUVENIRS OF THE RHINE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

O vanished years! O buried years! come back
once more to me,
Rich with the dreams I used to dream when
fancy flattered free;
When, with a scrip and scallop shell I paved
the streets of Bonn,
Or made a student's pilgrimage to Coblentz and
Cologne:
Oh, bring me back the bliss and joy, the hopes
and passioned aims
That fired my heart with all the glow of youthhood's purple flames,
When life was new, and fresh, and sweet, and
earth looked half divine,
And roses crowned my pathway where it lay
along the Rhine.

Majestic Rhine! O glorious Rhine! I saw thy
cradle where
The Alpine ridges, white with snow, their jagged columns rear;
I've watched thee broadening in thy course,
and hurrying along
Through plain and wold, alive with light, and
tremulous with song:
Here on thy banks the Romans fought, the
feudal chieftain bled,
And crowns were laid by holy hands on many a
monarch's head!
Here castled crag and hoary rock, and deep
mysterious dell
Have golden legends on their lips and weirdsome tales to tell.

I've wandered through thy vineyards in by gone
days, oh Rhine,
When I culled thy grapes of nectar, and I
quaffed thy sparkling wine—
Johannisberg and Steinberg, and Markobrunner too,
And Rudesheim's sweet aroma, and Erbach's
fiery dew—
While the gretchens on the wine press passed
jubilantly by,
With the sunsold on each ringlet and the love-
light in each eye!
Oh, the Naiads in thy rock-bound depths,
where joyous currents play,
Were not so glad, or Bacchant like, or beautiful
as they!

But peace to all these memories! The vault in
which they lie
Hath shut its door for evermore to sunlight and
to sky!
The age of dreams is passed and gone—the
Edenland I sought
Has vanished with the bliss it gave—with all
the loves it brought!
So not for me the buried years will bring one
glimpse today
Of vine clad hills, and mystic rills, and gretcheus fond and gay!
And never more shall I kneel down to sing
fancy's shrine
The songs I've sung, when I was young—communing by the Rhine.

—*Cork Examiner.*

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANOTHER WAIF FROM THE SEA.

Col. Montfort was sitting in his office in the barrack, weary and disheartened.

In his capacity, as commandant of the garrison, he had made one of the number of magistrates sitting beside the judge during the earlier portion of the trial; but had left when Norah had given her evidence. He had no doubt whatever as to the nature of the verdict that would be brought in, nor yet as to the sentence that would be passed.

But, withal, he was dissatisfied, uncomfortable and perplexed. There was a vague feeling over him that the youth under trial was innocent. There was an inscrutable air pervading the surroundings that somehow impressed him with a belief that they were incompatable with the guilt of the prisoner.

It might have arisen from the appearance of the latter himself; it might have arisen from the unusual grace and beauty of the two girls that had come to bear witness to his innocence; or it might have come from the disbelief in his guilt clearly manifest in the faces of the crowding countrymen: but whatever the reasons that gave birth to it, it was rankling uncomfortably in his heart.

"I am not quite sure," thought the officer, as he made an effort to read some military documents placed before him, and failed, "that I have not been assisting at a judicial murder. What would have induced him to burn the mansion at a time when perfect secrecy was essential to his liberty and safety? He does not look like an incendiary. And then—that sister of his! To think that she—with her grace, her beauty, her refinement—would come deliberately to forswear herself!—Pshaw! the thing is impossible! It's a strange land! I wish I were out of it. I wish I could exchange to England—to the colonies—anywhere."

The Colonel's reflections were suddenly broken in upon, by a loud and hurried knocking at the outer door.

Before he had time to call "Come in," the inner door was pushed open, and the sergeant of the guard rushed in breathlessly,

"Colonel Montfort! there is——"

He paused for want of breath.

"Well? Go on. What's amiss?"

"You must order the troops out."

"The troops out! For what?"

"There's a disturbance in the streets."

"What sort of a disturbance? Of what nature?"

"The prisoner's been rescued."

"Rescued!" said the Colonel, starting to his feet. "Where?"

"In the streets."

"In the streets!" said the Colonel, bewildered.

"Yes, on the way from the courthouse to the jail."

"By whom?"

"The people."

"Where were the guard?"

"Beaten and disarmed."

"Send Lieut. Clarendon to me!—quick! And tell the bugler to sound the boots and saddles!

The Colonel stood for a moment, in utter amazement, at the boldness and effrontery of this attempt. So much so, indeed, that Rupert, who attended immediately, stood for some time before him without arresting his attention.

"You sent for me, sir," said Rupert, finally.

"Oh, this you, Rupert! There is some disturbance in the streets. The guard of soldiers have been attacked, and the prisoner rescued by the mob. Take the dragoons with you at once. Quell the riot whatever it is; disperse the crowds and retake the prisoner! Use no more force than is necessary; but, if necessary, use your arms—and in any case enforce order. I shall send a regiment of rifles after you. Clear the streets and retake the prisoner!"

Rupert Clarendon, as much amazed as his Colonel, was the next moment in the saddle, and at the head of the dragoons, flying through the barrack gates and into the streets; not clearly certain what it was he was called on to do.

But there was no foe to fight. The work had been done and over. Hurrying groups filled the streets, disorderly in their rushings but not riotous. The houses on either side were crowded with people who rushed thereinto, they knew not from what danger; the overturned van, with its entourage of fallen horses and men, stood in disarray in the street; but trace of the fugitive there was none! He had vanished—no one knew where!

It was not easy for horsemen—of all others—to follow and seek him out. They might clear the streets—and did; the people disappearing rapidly through bystreets and across the fields to their homes, near or afar, or crowding into the taverns and ale houses, which were filled to suffocation; but what further lay for them to do. It would be absurd for them to gallop along one road when a dozen converged on the town; equally absurd to follow a road at all, when it was palpable that the rescued prisoner would not follow any beaten track in his efforts to gain shelter.

Wherefore, when the streets were cleared, all signs of disturbance vanished; and, order so far restored, Rupert rode back with his dragoons to report to the Colonel, and to receive, if need be, further orders.

"Lieut. Clarendon," said the Colonel, when Rupert had informed him of the results, "Sir Hardinge has been here with me—so has his lordship, the judge. The law has been most flagrantly set at defiance, and the prisoner rescued by an outrageous, but well conceived and apparently well organized, stratagem. He must be recovered at all hazards, and brought back—placed within the bars of the jail again."

"But how?" asked Rupert, who felt hurt and pained at the severe and cold manner and address of the Colonel.

"The prisoner has escaped," said the Colonel severely. "He will—so Sir Hardinge thinks, and so too the judge—endeavor to make for his home. You must go there at once, and if there, seize him."

"I, Col. Montfort?" said Rupert in a state of mental agony, as this new feature of the business disclosed itself to him.

"You; and why not, sir?"

"It is hardly soldier's duty this," said Rupert, in despair. "It is policeman's duty."

"It is a soldier's duty to enforce the law of his sovereign, sir," said the Colonel sharply, "and to prevent its being outraged or set at defiance."

"But in this case?"

"Well in this case?" said the Colonel, as his eyebrows descended in wrath.

"In this instance, Col. Montfort," said Rupert in deep embarrassment, "if it be absolutely necessary that——"

"Absolutely necessary, sir," said the Colonel, in unmistakable anger and surprise.

"That this should be done," said Rupert, hurrying to get through what he had to say lest the Colonel should indignantly and abruptly stop him, "I would feel obliged—you would place me under great obligation—if you would appoint another officer in my place."

The Colonel drew himself up in a towering rage.

"Excuse me, Lieut. Clarendon," said he, quietly, but with a voice thick with suppressed passion, "did I hear you aright?"

"I cannot go—indeed I cannot—Col. Montfort. My heart, my very nature, rebels against this sort of duty."

"See, sir! this bears out fully what Sir Hardinge has just told me. I am not quite certain at this moment that my proper duty would not be to place you under arrest and have you tried by courtmartial! But——"

"Col. Montfort! just hear he—just one word——"

"But I spare you, not for your own sake," said the angry officer, "but for that of your family who have long been friends of mine. Go, sir! and execute your duty! And remember, so long as you are again under my command! that a soldier's first lesson is obedience—and the second to uphold the laws of his king and country. Go, sir!"

With a sore and distracted heart Rupert passed out from the Colonel's presence. His words had stung him, and he knew they were deserved. But what could he do? Was he once more to be the unwilling instrument of bringing sorrow and trouble to those afflicted hearts—was he once more to enter the home, where he had been made so warmly welcome, on this hateful mission?

Truly he would have done anything at the moment to save them from trouble. He would have charged single handed on a battery of artillery, and died at the cannon's mouth, rather than cause the blue eyes, that had so lately brightened at his coming, further shame; would have suffered any misfortune—but dishonor—rather than undergo the confusion of meeting her reproachful glance in his miserable and hateful quest.

Scarcely knowing what he did, but with a bewildered hope that some accident might happen to him on the way, and so prevent his reaching there, Rupert mounted his horse, and placing himself at the head of his detachment, cantered through the street, and on to the road that led to Carrigbrae.

Never did gallant soldier rid on more hateful errand. With maledictions on the country—the landlords and the tenants alike—and with a pain and confusion and humiliation he had never felt before at his heart and whirling through his brain, he rode on.

Meanwhile the Colonel resumed his seat at his table, littered with reports and military documents. But it was out of the question for him to pay any attention to these now. If Rupert's mind was tortured, the Colonel's was by no means easy.

During the interview with which Sir Hardinge had favored him, he had learned a good deal of Rupert's doings which surprised and distressed him. That he—an officer of his Majesty's service—should have been consorting with returned convicts and conspirators shocked him. That he should have become so infatuated about the convict's sister distressed him. That she was beautiful, exquisite—endowed with a grace and winsomeness rarely seen, could not be denied. But to think of their different positions! What would be said of this in England? What would Rupert's aristocratic relations think of it? And what a laxity of rule and command would attach to himself, that these things should have been going on, under his very eyes, and with the cognizance of the whole neighborhood, without his knowing of it. The whole matter was annoying; and it was not made any pleasanter by this news of the prisoner's escape. Whilst the Colonel would not be sorry—on the contrary, would have been very glad to see him set free—escaping in this manner was not only an outrage on the law, but an offense to himself and to his command. He was therefore determined that no effort should be spared to make him amenable to the law.

In the midst of his annoyances and perplexities a rap came a second time on the door of his office. The Colonel had been sitting with his feet towards the fire and his back to the door, and was gazing in disturbed reverie into the fire gleams, when the knock fell on his ears.

"Some further news about this confounded business," thought he. Then, aloud, without moving his gaze from the fire—"Well?"

There was no answer to this query, so thinking he had not been heard, he said more loudly and sharply, "Well? what is it?"

Finding no response to this either, he turned round with a blended feeling of anger and surprise—when he suddenly started up.

"Why!—no! it cannot be you!" advancing forward and shaking hands most cordially with the newcomer, who in heavy travelling dress, although it was summer time, stood a little inside the door, the sergeant beside him. A stout low sized man with a hearty, well favored, but weather beaten face.

"I hardly think it can be you, though," said the stranger warmly returning the greeting, "if this be the kind of reception you give an old friend. Is this your Irish hospitality?"

"Why, in truth," said Col. Montfort, laughing, and in great delight, "I was wrapped in a reverie and a rather unpleasant one. I little expected to see your welcome face when I looked around. Where did you come from? Have you dropped out of the skies or risen out of the Shannon—or what?"

"Neither—I——"

"Never mind. You can tell me again. Take off that heavy coat. Stay a moment! you had better come to my quarters. We shall have more leisure to talk there. And so you have come to Athlone. Who could have dreamt of seeing you here?"

"Why you don't suppose I sailed across the country. Why shouldn't I turn up here?" said the stranger pleasantly as he cast his eyes around the Colonel's luxurious quarters when they reached there.

"Upon my word, I don't know. Only that you would be the last man—and the most welcome—that I could expect to see here. There! take that arm chair," said the Colonel, as he took forth a decanter and some cigars, "and tell me what blessed angel guided your footsteps in this direction."

"Why, you see," said the stranger, divesting himself of his overcoat, and taking the proffered seat, "I was on my way to Cork to take charge of a new ship there, and remembering that you were in Athlone, thought I should veer to the west and look you up."

"For which a thousand thanks. Try that maraschino—or would you prefer brandy? You sailors like something strong."

"If it's all the same to you, my dear Montfort, I shall take some of your Irish whisky. I don't think there is anything like it, short of ambrosia."

"All right. Here you are! Cigars, too—strong or mild as you like. And now," said Col. Montfort, taking an arm chair opposite and disposing his feet on the fender, as he nipped the end of his cigar, "tell me all the news. Where have you been, and what are you up to? What a long time it is since we sailed to Calcutta together?"

"It is a long time. You seem to have comfortable quarters here," said the stranger, rather digressingly, as he looked again around the handsome apartment.

"Better than being at sea?" inquired the Colonel, laughing.

"Yes— sometimes How long have you been here?"

"About three years. And, if you believe me, my dear Captain, I didn't care how soon I was journeying with you again to India."

"What! and leave all this ease and luxury?"

"Just so," said the Colonel; "and leave all this ease and luxury. I was just wishing it or something of the kind, a few seconds before you came in."

"Place not pleasant?"

"No—not pleasant. Quite the contrary. But I am not going to trouble you with my grievances before you are well seated in my house. Tell me about yourself. Do you like that whisky, to begin with?"

"It is splendid," said the Captain. "It ought to be grand to live in a land where this can be always had in calm or in storm."

"It's one of the few things—the few good things—this blessed country possesses," said Montfort, again laughing. "What do you do to Cork?"

"To take command of a troop ship."

"Indeed. Going where to?"

"To where you mentioned just now, India."

"I wish to the Lord I was going with you," said the Colonel, heartily.

"I wish you were—though, as for me, I should rather have my old ship."

"Why did you select this command? Hadn't you your choice?"

"No."

"No?"

"Why you see, Montfort, my dear fellow, my last voyage was unfortunate. My ship was wrecked, and I was one of the few—the very few—that escaped with their lives. With nothing *but* their lives."

"Ran on the rocks?"

"Why, no. She foundered in one of the most terrific gales that ever, I do believe, swept the seas."

"You were fortunate to save your life. But you were always too good a fellow to be drowned, Jervis. Ship and cargo lost, I suppose."

"Both, or nearly so."

"Valuable cargo?"

"Well it would be difficult to answer that. It might be or it might not, according to the way you look at it.

"What was it?"

"Convicts."

"I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

"Convicts. A cargo of convicts bound for Botany Bay."

"Ah!"

"Yes. So it might or might not be deemed a valuable cargo," said the sea Captain gravely, addressing himself to his cigar and the tumbler that stood beside him.

"That's so," said the Colonel, drily; "but a rather uncomfortable one in a hurricane. Did all drown?"

"All but two, to whom I owe my life."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And, by the way, one of the most singular things that ever occurred to me happened there."

"If it is the most singular that ever occurred to you, with your life of adventures, it must be worth telling."

"It is. It is a most unprecedented thing. One of these men was haunted.

"Oh, come, come, Jervis," said Montfort, laughing again very pleasantly, "no Munchausen stories for *me*. Remember I am an old traveler, myself."

"It is a fact, I assure you," said the Captain gravely. "He was possessed by—or followed by—a spirit, an unseen thing of some kind, who appeared to him and spoke to him."

"Go on," said the Colonel drily.

"And from this convict I first learned of the approaching hurricane, else I should not be here to tell you or to enjoy your drink and your cigars—which are both excellent."

"I am delighted you like them. But touching this storm. Would not the barometer have been your best foreteller on such an occasion?"

"Not quite. The cyclone came of a sudden—in a swoop as it were. The barometer fell so rapidly, in a quiet atmosphere and sky, that we could make nothing of it. He explained it to us. He, through his invisible adviser, told us what it meant, and so gave us the hurried chance we had of preparing for it, else we should have foundered in the first half hour.'

"He did, eh? Did he escape?"

"Yes; and, through his agency, I—I alone—of all the crew and convicts, to the number of hundreds, was saved from the storm."

"Only you and he?"

"And another. Another named Moore"

"I beg your pardon? What name?"

Col. Montfort was raising the glass of wine to his lips, but as the name fell on his ears he laid it down again with a sudden start, that nearly spilled it on the table.

"What name?"

"Moore!"

"Why bless my soul! to be sure! Now I remember. How could I have forgotten it! Well, this is really strange. Tell me the circumstances."

"Why, as I said, the storm came on so suddenly that if we had not been forewarned by the convict's statement we should certainly have been caught unprepared. The hurricane was terrific, fearful. Nothing, I do believe, built by the hands of man, could stand that sea and that frightful gale. The vessel finally foundered. I went down with her; but, coming to the surface, caught and clung to a spar, and so held on. After some hours I was taken on board a floating mast, on which were two of the convicts, the haunted man and—Moore——"

"Yes, go on."

"And drifted with them towards the coast, where we were rescued. Clutched drowning waifs from such sea and storm as never before raged in the Biscay waters. That's all. And now tell me why you are so much interested?"

"What became of your two convicts?"

"I left them in a village on the Garronese coast. They had worked so bravely and manfully; they had toiled at the pumps all through the dreadful storm with such untiring courage; and they had so providentially saved my life, that I could not do otherwise than see them comfortably provided for before I started for London."

"What became of them finally?"

"I have not the slightest idea, Montfort. How could I? I have never heard or seen of them, as you may readily understand, since."

"*I* have."

"You?"

"Yes, one of them at least, Moore."

"Oh, by the way, now I remember. One of them—he I think—said he was from Ireland. Mentioned, if I remember aright, your name too; but in what connection I forget."

"Likely enough he did. I know, unfortunately, the connection well."

"You say you have seen him since. When?"

"This very day."

"What! He was not foolish enough to return."

"Indeed he was."

"And got pardoned, I hope? I should like to see him. I am under heavy obligations to him, if my humble life is worth anything."

"I am afraid you are not likely to see him soon, and if you do you will not rejoice at it."

"Why?"

"He was on trial for his life, this day."

"What!" cried the Captain with sudden start.

"And convicted!"

"Convicted—you don't——"

"And was rescued this evening——"

"From——"

"From my troops."

"And is now?"

"Is now, my dear Jervis, no one knows where. But, if taken—as he is sure to be—will hang as surely as hemp is spun or timber grows."

"Good God! I am very sorry to hear it. Dreadfully sorry. What was——"

A knocking coming for the third time interrupted the conversation, and the sergeant of the guard, entering and saluting, beckoned the Colonel towards him.

A short, whispered and energetic conversation—the purport of which did not reach Captain Jervis' ears, who was much too busy with his own reflections, and the tumbler beside him to hearken to it even if it were loud enough for him to hear—took place.

The sergeant left, and the colonel hurried towards his friend.

"Put on your overcoat and come with me, Captain. Your friend, the convict—the escaped prisoner—has been recaptured. Come with me!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

An Gleo-bhrat Realt-Ionraic.

LE M. J. MAC CARTHAIGH.

I

An-dearcan tu an nidh le camhóir an láel
Le luáth-ghâir as aoibhneas do shamh-lúfg headh a réidhir lío,
Realt-ghlinte le ruidheamh cémh-riámtha air gach taoibh
An daingean an chaladh bo mhaiseach air spéirlin?
Lámhach-splanceach san aér as téintreach san spéir,
Dá dheimhniúghadh san oidhche ná 'r h-éleadh ár n-gréis.
'S an gléo-bhrat réalt-ionraic go m-ba bróntach a réim
'Os cean talamh 'na saoirseach 's na d-tiosachaibh d-tréan?

II

Breithnigh air an tráigh tre ceó-bhraon na fráigh
Mar a bh-fuil an sluadh diom-sach 'na luíine go meang-shuanmhar
Cread é súd a taoi 'sior-luasga le gaoith,
Mar chriothan ag filie leac neochdaighthe cúsaidh.
'Nois gabhain le gréin no mainegach céim
'Na láu-ghlóire lé'n amharc sanabhuin gan béim
'Sé ag gleó-bhrat réalt-ionraic go m-ba bhróntach a réim
O's cean talamh saoirseach 's na d-tíosachaibh d-trean.

III

O cá'r ghaibh an ghárda ghair-mhúidhteach domhóid
Le h-anacra an áir is lé h-anaighthe an chóscuis,
Ná bheadh fian-bhoth na fearn ná 'r sealbh go deó,
Go fuiltesch do foleadh a g-cosa gurghútach.
Ní'l cos-nambh ná spás don n-díoimhanach dráis,
O anacra egéimhle gus sgamal an bháis,
'S an gléo-bhrat réalt-ionraich go m-ba bruntach a réim
O's cean talamh na saoirseach 's na tiosachaibh d-trean.

The "Star-Spangled Banner."

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY—AN IRISHMAN.

I

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh! say, does the Star-Spangled Banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

II

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
Where our foe's haughty hosts in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep—
As it fitfully blows—half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;—
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner,—oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

III

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home or a country should leave us no more?—
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave!
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

This translation, by the late Mr. McCarthy, of North avenue, Chicago, is another proof of the mellifluous tones of the Irish language. M. CREAN.

LAKE EXCURSIONS

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on the elegant new steel side-wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p. m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00 This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jariath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Deshler sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2933 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 196 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and E. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 285 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 499 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Cegood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adalbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Badziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

DROWNED BY SCORES.

Terrible Effect of a Cyclone in Minnesota.

LOSS OF A STEAMER ON LAKE PEPPIN.

The Vessel Was Loaded with Hundreds of Pleasure Seekers, and When the Storm Came Many of Them Sank Never to Rise Again—A Large Number of Bodies Recovered—Effect of the Storm in Other Localities.

ST. PAUL, July 14.—Sunday evening a cyclone or hurricane struck the little city of Lake City, located on Lake Peppin, about seventy miles below here, and a large number of people were killed by the sinking of a steamer. The steamer Sea Wing was coming up the lake at about 9 o'clock at night, and when opposite the city the storm struck in fairly and sent it to the bottom. There were on board some 150 people from Diamond Bluff, and about fifty more were on a barge which was in tow. The steamer Sea Wing left Red Wing in the afternoon with 250 passengers on board, bound for Lake City, where the state encampment of the state militia is in progress. At several small towns along the shore of Lake Peppin enough more people were taken on board to make about 350 when the boat reached its destination. A barge was in tow which carried 100 of this number. Late in the afternoon the party re-embarked for home. The steamer was in the middle of the lake, off Lake City, when the cyclone struck that place. The boat became unmanageable at once.

Bodies Washed Ashore.

The barge was cut loose and after an hour drifted to shore with about twenty people on board. The others were drowned. Among the dead are some of the best known and most prominent people of Red Wing and vicinity. A number of bodies are already washed ashore, and the citizens have formed a voluntary police service to patrol the shores and watch for the others. The storm did great damage to property in and about Lake City, but no lives were destroyed on shore so far as reported. The tornado also swept the shores of Lake Gervais, nine miles north of St. Paul, killing eleven people outright and injuring forty or more, some of them fatally.

A Long List of Dead.

The following is the list of the names of bodies that have so far been recovered: John Heffler, and wife and two children, Peter Gevlen, wife and five children, Mrs. Blaker and two children, Mrs. Hemfobling and three children, Mrs. Schuelberg and daughter, Minnie Fisher, Mark Skoglund, Katie Daly, Mrs. F. Sherf and daughter, Fred Christ, Annie Steiger, Francis Steiger, George Nelson, John Bahrns and wife, Charles Dinstage, Fred Severs and daughter, Tom Larson, Addie Wing and sister, H. Redlus and two children, Fred Hattemeyer, Mamie Adams, Henry Stiffney, Katie Burkhardt, A. O. Anderson, Eddie Christoferson, Herman Hipper, George Harris, Mrs. Nellie Woohrn and son, Milly Niles, Biersohn Fiby, Cordy Johnson, Floy Smith, Mirty Meero, Ira Fulton.

Many More Missing.

It is quite probable that there are yet fifty or sixty people missing in addition to the list of identified dead. It is thought that all of these are in the wreck which lies off the point near Lake City. The undertaking establishment here is crowded with friends of the dead and many cases of prostration have occurred. Business is completely at a standstill. John Gerkin, wife and five children, comprising the entire family, are among the dead. It is reported that "Rad" Moro, a brother of Charles Mero, an insurance agent of Minneapolis, was drowned, together with his entire family. They went down wrapped in each other's arms and were picked up floating together in the embrace of death. The scenes at the morgue are simply indescribable.

Over 100 Lives Lost.

The work of pulling in the wreck of the boat was commenced as soon as it was light enough to see Monday morning. At 11 o'clock six bodies were taken from the cabin. The body of a woman, as yet unidentified, was picked up on the shore of the lake near here. The lake is filled with debris from the wreck—chairs, boards and life-preservers strewn on the beach for a mile up the lake shore. Hundreds of citizens of Lake City flock the shore, among them many friends and relatives of the missing ones whose bodies are still beneath the water. The general opinion is that the estimate of the loss of 125 lives will be verified.

GEN. FREMONT DEAD.

Called to His Long Home After a Very Brief Illness.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Gen. John Charles Fremont, the first candidate of the Republican party for president, died at the home of his adopted daughter, the wife of Col. H. M. Porter, 49 West Twenty-fifth street, at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Death was due to inflammation of the bowels. There were present at the bedside his son, Lieut. J. C. Fremont, of the navy, and his physician, Dr. William J. Morton. The general's sickness was of comparatively brief duration and dated in its first stages from the excessive heat of last Tuesday, when the thermometer went up to 100 degrees in the city. On that day the old general went down to Seabright, N. J., where his adopted daughter, Mrs. Col. Porter, was stopping, and the excessive heat affected him very seriously.

A Serious Turn.

When he returned home he fell ill. On the following day, Wednesday, he experienced some pain, and on Thursday was worse, but he did not complain. Matters assumed so serious a turn Friday that he sent for his physician. The doctor advised the sick man to take a sail and get a little fresh air. While he was out on the water he got a bad chill. Friday night he sent for Dr. Morton again. On the following morning, Saturday, the disease (peritonitis) had developed enough to show its true character, but even then the case was not considered dangerous and a dispatch to that effect was sent to Seabright. Final dissolution was sudden. The general was 77 years and 6 months old Sunday at the time of his death.

Looks Very Much Like a Murder.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The body of a man was found in Flushing Bay Friday with the head torn open by a gun shot wound. It is thought that the man was a peddler named Bohlendor, of Newton, and that he was murdered on the road, robbed and his body thrown into the water.

THEY HAD A BIG TIME.

A Lively Contest Between Grand Army Men and Sons of Veterans.

MANSFIELD, Ill., July 11.—The encampment of the Central Illinois division, Sons of Veterans, closed Thursday. A lively scene took place in camp in the morning. The Grand Army of the Republic had captured some tents, guns, swords, and the headquarters flag from the Sons of Veterans, and held them as trophies of war. The Sons of Veterans made a charge to recapture their property and the contest was a hot one, lasting for an hour. The Sons were driven back and Maj. Mansfield captured, but the Sons made another charge and recaptured their commander and some of their outfit, after which they were driven off. The Grand Army of the Republic returned them their flags and tents and admonished them to never leave their quarters unless there was a guard there to protect the flag and camp. There was speaking in the afternoon, and in the evening a drill and dress parade, the encampment closing with a camp-fire at night.

WORLD'S FAIR SECRETARY.

The Hon. Benjamin Butterworth Selected for the Position.

CHICAGO, July 11.—It took three ballots to elect the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, the noted Ohio congressman, secretary of the exposition company. Twice it was a vote of 21 to 7, but when some of the directors who had been to Washington in the preliminary stages of world's fair business told their fellow-members how gallantly Ben Butterworth of Ohio had fought in congressional committees for the location of the fair in Chicago, his election as secretary of the local board was made unanimous. During the talk about electing him a very flattering telegram from Chauncey M. Depew in reference to Mr. Butterworth's qualifications for the place was read by one of the directors.

Mr. Butterworth Saturday telegraphed his acceptance of the position.

Ex-Senator McCreery Dead.

OWENSBORO, Ky., July 11.—Thomas B. McCreery, ex-United States senator, died at 10:30 Thursday night in the 74th year of his age. He suffered a stroke of paralysis in 1879, which was repeated on two or three occasions, and for three years past he had been perfectly helpless. His death has been expected for several days. He leaves a large estate. Mr. McCreery was first elected United States senator in February, 1868, to fill out the unexpired term of James Guthrie. This term expired in 1871, and he was subsequently elected for a full term, from 1873 to 1879. At the close of his term he retired from public life.

Frightful Death of a Conductor.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Shortly after 8 o'clock Saturday morning while running through the tunnel from the north approach a Lincoln avenue train jumped the track just before in reached the center arches. As it did so Conductor E. W. Wygrant, who was standing on the rear of a trailing car, lost his balance and was thrown against the west wall. His head first struck the wall while a portion of his body remained on the car. Before he could be caught he was drawn into the narrow space between the car and the wall and crushed and mangled into a almost unrecognizable mass of quivering, bleeding flesh.

Chance for a Michigan Man.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 10.—It is reported that John K. Boies, of Hudson, Mich., will be shortly appointed to a place in the diplomatic service. The resignation of ex-Senator Thomas W. Palmer as minister to Spain leaves the state of Michigan without any representation in the foreign service, and the Republicans of that commonwealth are insisting upon another appointment. The probabilities are that one of our representatives to some of the minor continental courts will be sent to Madrid and that the vacancy thus created will be given to Mr. Boies.

Rather Informal Cremation.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 12.—Fred Curtis, a fireman on the Lackawanna road, was arrested Thursday charged with disposing of the body of an infant by throwing it into the fire box of his locomotive. The charge is made by the engineer for whom Curtis was firing, who says Curtis showed him the body before throwing it in the fire, and said that it was his child and was still-born. Also that he had disposed of other infants' bodies in the same way. Curtis denies the story, but it is known that his wife was delivered of a still-born child a few days ago.

Explosion of a Gas Generator.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Christian Eckert and his son, Chester, were killed, and a second son named Frank, was seriously injured by the explosion of a gas generator at 119 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. All three were engaged in the manufacture of soda water at the time. Frank is only slightly injured. There is not the slightest mark on the bodies of the dead men. Roth died from shock. When the widow and mother heard of the accident she became insane and can not now be found.

Three Ladies Killed by a Train.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 11.—Passengers arriving here in a special train from Owego to this city on the Lehigh Valley railway report that a carriage containing five ladies was struck one and a half miles this side of Owego, and three of the occupants of the vehicle were killed, and the others badly injured. The names of those killed are: Mrs. Bert Cleveland, widow of ex-Sheriff Cleveland, of Tioga county; Mrs. James Shay, and Mrs. Avery Witsmarsh.

A Brewery Gutted by Flames.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—Henry Mueller's big brewery at Thirty-first and Jefferson streets was completely gutted by fire Friday morning. The fire originated in the malt mill, and is believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion of malt dust. The loss on building and contents is estimated at $100,000; fully covered by insurance. One hundred men are thrown out of employment by the destruction of the brewery.

Great Blaze at Delano, Cal.

DELANO, Cal., July 12.—Two-thirds of the business portion of the town was destroyed by fire, the total loss being $100,000. The principal individual losses are: E. Chanvine, $50,000; M. Schwalz & Son, $20,000; L. Escallier, $15,000.

Mrs. Logan Will Be There.

BURLINGTON, Ia., July 12.—It is given out authoritatively that Mrs. John A. Logan, accompanied by Gen. Distin and his staff, will accompany the Iowa delegation to the national encampment of the G. A. R. at Boston in August.

THE WARSHIP MAINE.

The Big Armored Cruiser Is an Ocean Terror.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW VESSEL.

Protected with Eleven Inches of Steel and Armed with Ten-Inch Guns—The Launching to Take Place in the Autumn and Be Made a Notable Event—Some Interesting Facts About Her Construction—A "Home-Made" Ship.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The construction of the big cruiser Maine at the Brooklyn navy yard is progressing more rapidly than at any time since the keel was laid, and the vessel will be ready for launching in the autumn, probably toward the close of September. Many years have passed since a ship was launched at the Brooklyn yard, and never has a war ship as large as the Maine been built or launched in the United States government yard, so that the event will be one of great importance. The ceremony of launching will probably be attended by all the dignitaries of the country, for the Maine is Secretary Tracy's pet cruiser, built, it may be said, at his own home and under his personal supervision.

The Biggest Vessel We Have.

The Maine is the first armored cruiser ever owned by this government. Her displacement—6,648 tons—is more than 2,000 tons greater than the Baltimore or Philadelphia, and 600 tons greater than the big ironclad monitor Puritan. Her hull and machinery alone will cost $2,500,000, which is about as much as the total cost of both the ships Baltimore and Philadelphia added together. Her speed, according to the requirements, is seventeen knots, and her engines, driving twin screws, are of the vertical triple expansion type. The protection of the Maine consists of an armor belt of steel 180 feet long and 11 inches thick, the two forward ends being joined by a six-inch armored athwartship bulkhead. Above the belt and below the turret, oval redoubts carrying ten-inch armor protect the turret bases, loading tubes, and machinery.

The Bulldogs in the Turrets.

The turret armor itself, protecting ten inch guns, mounted in pairs, varies in thickness from 10.5 to 11.5 inches. Besides the ten-inch guns in her two echelon turrets, the Maine will carry two six-inch guns mounted in recessed bow ports, two in the superstructure deck in broadside, and two in quarter ports. The conning tower armor is ten inches thick, and a 6.5-inch tube runs down from it to the protective deck. The armored deck is two inches thick except on the slope at the after-end of the deck, where it is four inches thick. All the designs for the Maine were drawn up by the navy department.

Getting Ready for Launching.

Plans for the launching of the Maine have been prepared and specifications for the extension of the ground ways are made out. Bids for the construction will be opened July 19; work under which must begin within eight days after signing the contract and completed within forty days. An idea of the amount of work to be done may be gained from the fact that 10,000 feet of yellow pine timber will be used in the superstructure of the ground ways alone.

Interesting Feature.

An interesting feature of the Maine's machinery is the rubber valves that are to be used, capable of resisting heat of 330 degress intensity. No rubber valves of such strength have ever been made in America. Owing to the fact that the Maine is a "home-made" ship in all her parts, however, it became necessary for some factory in this country to make the material. After examining and consulting with a celebrated English firm the contract was taken by the Mercer Rubber company, of Trenton, which made the Baltimore's valves, and which has successfully done the work required for the Maine.

The Fall of the Bastile.

PARIS, July 15.—All Paris celebrated the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile yesterday. In the Place de la Concorde the Boulangist deputy, Mery, having attempted to deliver an oration to the paraders and the vast multitude which surrounded them on all sides, he was promptly placed under arrest. One of the most imposing and interesting features of the programme of the day was a great demonstration by the children of the public schools who paraded the principal streets and defiled before the Hotel de Ville, where they were reviewed by the officers of the municipal government.

Narrow Escape from a Holocaust.

LONDON, July 15.—As the audience was assembling at the Illusionist theatre in Rome Sunday night the building suddenly took fire. The people who had entered the theatre beat a hasty retreat and drove back those who were attempting to enter. The fire brigade was powerless to check the flames and the structure was rapidly burned to the ground. Fortunately no one was injured, but had the fire occurred an hour later frightful loss of life must have resulted.

The President's Condolence.

LOS ANGELES, Cala., July 15.—The following message of condolence was received yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Fremont from President Harrison: "I beg to extend to you my profound sympathy in your great sorrow. The death of Gen. Fremont has revived the memory of his great and unique public services, and will excite regret that the nation did not give an earlier and more constant expression of its grateful appreciation of them."

Fell Down a Fifty-Foot Cliff.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 15.—A special to The Express from Niagara Falls says: Yesterday afternoon John McDougall, the 11-year-old son of the late chief of Ontario police at this place, was climbing down the Indian path to the river bank when he slipped down a straight precipice of fifty feet to the rocks below, breaking both legs and otherwise injuring himself so badly that he died shortly after being picked up.

Indorses the Heligoland Deal.

BERLIN, July 15.—Admiral Reinhold Werner declares the recent acquisition of Heligoland by Germany to be of more consequence than the possession of territory in Africa, inasmuch as it renders almost impossible a blockade of the German North sea, and thus makes unnecessary the maintenance of a fleet in those waters.

PYTHIANS ELECT OFFICERS.

A Wisconsin Man Chosen for the Position of Supreme Chancellor.

MILWAUKEE, July 10.—Thursday morning's session of the Pythian supreme lodge was set for 9 o'clock, but interest centering almost entirely in the election which was made the special order of business for 10 o'clock, the members did not turn out in force at the earlier hour, and little or no business was done. A class of six candidates were vested with the degree and after transacting a little routine business the lodge proceeded to the election of officers.

George B. Shaw for Supreme Chancellor.

Past Supreme Chancellor Howard Douglas, of Cincinnati, presented the name of George B. Shaw, of Eau Claire, for the position of supreme chancellor in a stirring speech, and upon motion H. C. Barry, the oldest living past supreme chancellor, cast the ballot of the lodge for the Wisconsin man. For vice chancellor, Representative Lee, of Rhode Island, presented the name of W. W. Blackwell, of Kentucky; Representative Shepard, of Louisiana, seconded the nomination, and as J. S. King, of Ontario, declined to be a candidate, the ballot was unanimously cast for Mr. Blackwell.

Other Officers Elected.

The other officers elected were as follows: Supreme prelate, Eli T. Blackmer, San Diego, Cal.; supreme master exchequer, S. J. Willey, Wilmington, Del.; supreme keeper records and seal, R. S. C. White, Nashville, Tenn.; supreme master at arms, G. H. Morrisson, Nevada; supreme secretary endowment fund, W. B. Kennedy, Cincinnati; supreme inner guard, Dr. D. C. Barkwell, Cheyenne, Wy. T.; supreme outer guard, John H. Thompson, Washington.

THE LOTTERY QUESTION.

The Courts Will Settle Whether the Governor Has Any Say About It.

NEW ORLEANS, July 10.—Senator Smith is dying. His condition is so low that, with his approval, a minister was sent for, who delivered a prayer at his bedside. When the house and senate met Thursday morning immediate action was taken by both houses upon the lottery question. In the senate the majority report of the judiciary committee declaring that the action of the governor in vetoing the bill with the amendment submitting the lottery proposition to the people, was unconstitutional and arbitrary, was adopted by 23 yeas to 13 nays, and by the same vote the veto message as received from the house was returned to that body.

The Courts Will Settle It.

In the house the action of the senate was sustained by a motion being adopted to reconsider the vote by which the veto message passed the house, and the bill with the veto of the governor attached was ordered to be returned to his excellency by the clerk of the house, which was done. This action of the senate and house forces the question into the courts in which to decide whether or not an amendment to be submitted to the people passed by a two-thirds vote of both houses has to be sent to the governor for his approval or veto and whether such a measure thus passed is final or not, and that it be only sent back to the secretary of state for promulgation.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

A Long and Vigorous Paper Read by Archbishop Ireland.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 10.—Archbishop Ireland read a long and vigorous paper on "The State School and the Parish School—Is Union Between Them Possible" at the educational convention Thursday morning. "There is dissatisfaction," he said, "with the state school as at present organized. The state school, it is said, tends to the elimination of religion from the minds and hearts of the youth of the country. This is my grievance against the state schools of to-day. Believe me, my Protestant fellow-citizens, that I am absolutely sincere when I now declare that I am speaking for the weal of Protestantism as well as that for Catholicism. I am a Catholic, of course, to the tiniest fiber of my heart, unflinching and uncompromising in my faith. But God forbid that I desire to see in America the ground which Protestantism occupy exposed to the chilling and devastating blast of unbelief. Let me be your ally in stemming the swelling of the tide of irreligion, the death knell of Christian life and of Christian civilization, the fatal foe of souls and of country."

Will Have to Re-Marry.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., July 12.—The New Era newspaper prints two columns of names of people who have been married since 1887, of which there is no legal evidence. The list includes many prominent people of the county, and scores have decided to re-marry. Some attorneys claim that hundreds of business transactions are void if any one chooses to dispute them.

Fire at Muskegon, Mich.

MUSKEGON, Mich., July 12.—Fire was discovered at about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon in the lumber yard of the Ducey Lumber company at their mills No. 2 at North Muskegon. A high wind was prevailing at the time and all the lumber north of the mill, about 2,500,000, feet of dry yard stock was burned. The total loss is about $20,000; insurance, $34,000.

Funeral of Gen. Fisk.

COLDWATER, Mich., July 12.—The remains of the late Clinton B. Fisk, the Prohibition candidate for president of the United States in the last campaign, arrived at his old home from New York Saturday afternoon and were interred in the family lot of the old village cemetery. The town was in mourning, and business was generally suspended.

Suit Against a Doctor.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., July 12.—William Crumpston, of Colfax, has brought suit for $5,000 damages against Dr. D. T. Douglass, of that place, alleging that he is the victim of the doctor's malpractice. He claims that he has been permanently injured by Dr. Douglass' failure to properly set a fractured bone.

A Missouri Town Fire-Swept.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 10.—A special from Macon, Mo., says: Fire Wednesday night destroyed the entire business portion of the town of Calloa, Mo. Particulars are hard to get at present, but the burned buildings consisted of stores, saloons, livery stables, etc. The loss is estimated at $50,000; insurance unknown.

Was Something of a Novelty in July.

BROCKWAYVILLE, Pa., July 12.—Light frosts were noticed on the hills Friday morning. The frost was not enough to hurt anything, but sufficient to be a novelty in July.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Explosion on a Large Lake Vessel at Chicago,

RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

The Vessel Was Loaded with Naphtha and Oil, Which Immediately Took Fire, Imprisoning a Score of Stevedores in a Fiery Furnace—Human Beings Thrown Hundreds of Feet into the Air—A Long List of Victims.

CHICAGO, July 12.—By a terrific explosion that shook all the buildings in the center of the city and startled thousands of residents the stern of the magnificent freight steamer Tioga was blown out at 7:35 o'clock Friday night and no less than fifteen men met instant death. There was a rush of steam and smoke, a cloud of shattered timbers, and the agonizing cries of those not killed who were unable to escape from the flames that at once began to eat up everything within reach of their awful fury. There were 150 barrels of oil stored in hold No. 5, and it appears from the testimony of those who escaped the wreck that this was the immediate cause of the explosion. At 7 o'clock the porter, William Palmer, of Buffalo, descended into the hold with several lamps, which he placed about on the deck that the roustabouts might see to continue their work far into the night, as the vessel was to have left on her return trip to Buffalo Saturday evening. No sooner had Palmer ascended to the upper deck after joking with the men below than the explosion came. It is believed that the vapor from a few barrels of naphtha communicated with the light of the lamps and did the fearful work.

Heard a Mile Away.

The noise of the explosion was heard nearly a mile distant from the scene. Immediately following it came a shower of wood and iron thrown hundreds of feet into the air, with here and there the burned and mangled form of some human being plainly visible to the horrified spectators, and then falling into the murky waters of the river, probably never to be seen again. A sheet of flame wrapped the gigantic vessel from about amidships to the stern, shooting 100 feet up into the air, lighting up the neighboring ware houses and shipping with a dull glow which only added terror to the scene. When the first engines arrived their efforts, under the direction of Marshal Champion, were directed toward checking the flames, which were fast rushing toward the forward part of the vessel and threatening her with total destruction.

Awful Sights Witnessed.

From the depth of the vessel could be heard the roar of the flames and the occasional explosion of a barrel of oil, while the forms of half a score of unfortunates penned into the fiery furnace could be seen writhing in agony and unable to escape. The sight was an awful one and the firemen who made heroic efforts to render assistance were steadily driven back from their position. On the upper deck lay the unconscious forms of several men who were hurled up from below by the force of the explosion. Meanwhile the firemen were having a fierce battle with the flames. A third alarm soon followed a second and twenty streams augmented by the powerful streams from the fireboat Geyser, were pouring tons of water into the hold of the burning vessel. The object of Chief Swenie was to flood the immense vessel with water and cause her to sink to the bottom of the river, which is very shallow at this point. An hour of this work, aided by the water rushing into a large hole torn in the bottom by the explosion, had the desired effect, and the vessel slowly found a resting-place in the bottom of the river, the water being level with her main decks. As the water poured in over her deck and through the hatchways the flames, with a venomous hiss, died out and the work of recovering the dead by the truck companies was begun.

Names of the Killed.

The names of those who were killed are given below: C. Levalley, lookout, of Buffalo; William Cuthbert, watchman, of Buffalo; T. E. Fitzgibson, waiter, of Buffalo; John Nelles. Also the following colored stevedores living in Chicago: Walter Duckes, Thomas Lewis, John Lewis, Henry Alexander, Lewis Alexander, John Goff, Jacob Churl, Alexander Smith, J. Braxton, Osborn Polk, Charles Foster.

About a dozen other persons were badly injured, some of whom will probably die.

The steamboat Tioga was built at Buffalo in 1886 by the Union Dry Dock company for the Union Steamboat company as a part of the Erie line's fleet. She is 312 feet long, 39 feet in the beam, and is of 2,085 gross tonnage and 1,744 net. Her depth is 14 feet. She cost when new $260,000.

Impossible of Recognition.

At Klaner's morgue, at 143 Monroe street, Saturday's scene was one of unvarying sadness. All day long came wives, mothers, fathers and children looking for relatives that were missing. Seven bodies, bruised and blackened beyond recognition, were there, and at these the visitors looked and turned away no wiser than before. "None of those bodies will ever be identified," said Fred Klaner. It is impossible to tell a white man from a colored man.

Two More Bodies Found.

Two more victims of the Tioga steamboat disaster were found Monday. They are Edward Fitzgibbons of Buffalo, employed as a waiter on the vessel, and Thomas Lawrence, a deck hand. Both were discovered floating in the river. This brings the number of the dead up to twenty-one. Eleven men are still missing, and of these four belong to the boat's crew.

Fire at Mount Morris, N. Y.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y., July 12.—A fire, which is supposed to have started in the cooper shop, occurred in the Royal Salt block Friday night. The entire works cover about two acres. The fire rapidly worked its way to the refining rooms and packing house, the bulk packing house, the grainer room, one of the derricks, and a number of cars on a switch beside the building, as well as a large tank on the south side holding 30,000 barrels of brine. By hard work the boiler room was saved, thus averting a disastrous explosion. The loss is estimated at $60,000.

The Silver Bill Signed.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 14.—President Pro Tempore Ingalls and Speaker Reed have signed the silver bill. The measure has been sent to the president for his approval.

LATER.—The president Monday afternoon approved the silver bill.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Cleveland Vessel Owners' association issued a circular to all its members advising them to employ no more union men and to discharge all in their employ.

Seals are reported as being stolen in large quantities in Behring Sea, despite the order of the secretary of state for the seizure of Canadian vessels thus engaged.

The potato disease is attacking the growing crop in parts of Ireland and will bring ruin to thousands of its people.

Seattle, the Indian chief, after whom the Washington city was named, is to have a monument erected to him by the whites. He died in 1866.

Mrs. Lincoln and daughter will leave London for Chicago early in August. Minister Lincoln will leave early in November and, it is rumored, will then resign his position.

A public meeting was held Saturday in Topeka, Kan., in opposition to a further expenditure of public money in the useless effort to convict original package dealers, which is deemed impossible since the recent supreme court decision.

The Prince of Wales Saturday inaugurated the Bisley rifle meeting, the successor of the Wimbledon meeting. The Princess of Wales fired the first shot.

Mrs. Caroline Atherton Briggs Mason, author of "Do They Miss Me at Home?" died in an insane asylum at Worcester, Mass., about a week ago.

Mrs. Morrell, wife of a Hastings, Neb., densist, fell down the cellar stairs at her home Saturday, and striking her temple on a stone was instantly killed.

The laying off of 4,000 employes of the National Tube works at McKeesport, Pa., has become a decided lockout. The company has all along been willing to pay Amalgamated association wages, but refuses to sign the scale.

Rila Kittredge, of Belfast, Me., has written President Harrison's last message, containing 10,000 words, on a postal card.

Manny Bee, a blacksmith of Triumph, Ills., blew his brains out in the presence of his 7-year-old child. In his youth he killed his father in a quarrel, and remorse for that crime is supposed to have caused him to kill himself.

Rufus Bennett, a white man, 46 years of age, was arrested in Danville, Va., for an outrageous assault upon his daughter Allie, aged 18. To silence her cries for help he drew a knife and cut her across the throat. The wound, while serious, is not believed to be dangerous.

Five members of the Havemeyer family have insured their lives for $100,000 each.

Near Hopkinsville, Ky., Friday night Jack Henderson, in a row over a game of cards, shot and killed Lew Morris. Morris last year killed a relative of Henderson.

Jessie Beach, a young woman living at Battle Creek, Mich., was fatally kicked by a horse Sunday. Her nose was driven into the brain and the bones of her face crushed in.

A Mother's Awful Crime.

TROY, N. Y., July 11.—Mrs. James Williams, who resides about two miles east of Fair Haven, Vt., murdered her two children—a girl 17 years old and a boy of 6—set fire to the house and cut her own throat. The terrible tragedy was enacted about 3 o'clock Friday morning. One other child, a boy of 15 years who was sleeping up stairs, escaped with his life.

He Deluded the Credulous.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 12.—Franklin Coon has been arrested here charged with swindling people by advertising in western papers as a lady desiring a husband and borrowing money from the persons who responded, and with whom a correspondence resulted. He is said to have had a confederate in New York city who has not yet been identified.

Conflagration at Ithica, Mich.

ITHICA, Mich., July 11.—Fire started in the old Central house and totally destroyed the whole block and nearly the whole block west, causing a loss of $23,000; insurance $12,000. Twenty-eight buildings were burned. The cause of the fire is unknown.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 14.

On the board of trade to-day quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 July, opened 88c, closed 87¼c; September, opened 90¼c, closed 89¼c; December, opened 91¾c, closed 91¼c. Corn—No. 2 July, opened 37¼c, closed 37¾c; August, opened 37¾c, closed 37⅝c; September, opened and closed 38¼c. Oats—No. 2 July, opened 22c, closed 23¾c; August, opened 23¼c, closed 23¾c; September, opened and closed 23¾c. Pork—July, opened $12.00, closed $11.85; August, opened $11.30, closed $11.10; September, opened $11.00, closed $11.80. Lard—August, opened and closed $5.90.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices: Hogs—Market opened active and firm, prices 5@15c higher; light grades, $3.75@3.95; rough packing, $3.60@3.70; mixed lots, $3.70@3.95; heavy packing and shipping, $3.70@3.95.

Cattle—Market slow; 5@10c lower; beeves, $3.50@4.80; bulk, $4.00@4.30; cows and mixed, $1.25@3.10; stockers and feeders, $2.25@3.50. Sheep—Market steady; muttons, $3.75@5.15; lambs, 5.00@6.25; stockers and feeders, $3.50@4.25.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 12½@13½ per lb; finest dairies, 10@11c; packing, stock, 5@6c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 10@10½c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, hens, 10@10½c per lb.; roosters, 5c; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c; spring ducks, 12½@13½c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Tennessee Rose, $3.75@4.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—Muskegon, 50@$1, Racine choice, $1@1.50 per 16-qt case. Raspberries—Black, $3.00@3.50 per 24-qt case; red, $1.75@2.00 per 24-qt case. Blackberries—$2.50@2.75 per 24-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5½@6½c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@6¾c; green, self-working, 4@5½c; inside and covers, 2¾@4¼c; common brush, 3½@4¼c; crooked, 2@3½c.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.

Wheat—Higher; cash, 89¼c; August, 89⅝@89¾c; September, 87¾c. Corn—Higher; cash, 36¼@36¾c; August, 36¼@36¾c; September, 37⅝@37¾c. Oats—Higher; cash, 23c bid; August, 23¼c; September, 23¼c. Pork—Quiet; cash, job lots, $11@11.50. Lard—Nominal; straight prime steam, $5.65. Whisky—Steady; $1.10.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, July 14.

Wheat—Quiet; cash, and July, 89¼c; August, 89¾c; September, 90¼c bid; October, 92¼c. Corn—Strong; quiet; cash and July 38¼c; August, and September, 38c. Oats—Dull; cash, 31c; August and September, 28¼c. Clover seed—Quiet; cash, $3.50; October, $3.90.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, July 14.

Wheat—Quiet; cash, 87@87¼c; August, 88¾c. Corn—Quiet; No. 3 on track, 36½@37c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white on track, 32¾c. Rye—Easier; No. 1 in store, 49¼c. Barley—Firm; No. 2 in store, 55¼c.

Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., July 14.

Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 89c; No. 2 red cash, 89¼c; August, 89¼c bid; September, 90¾c bid. Corn—No. 2 August, 38c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 33c; No. 2 white cash, 30c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JULY 19, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.— "The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry E. Dixey.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Grandpa Grey."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — Howard & Fox's Gaiety Company.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ANGLO-CANADIAN GALL.

Our dearly beloved Anglo Saxon "cousins," of Canada, are just now, because of the Behring Sea seal war-ripple, reminding us, poor "Yankees," of the small drubbing they gave us at Queenston Heights on the 13th of October, 1812. This is "ancient history," with a vengeance. A writer in the Montreal *Daily Star* of July 12, says, in describing the battle:

The gun in front of the American position was carried almost without resistance, and the whole body of the Americans was forced steadily back upon the river to the very crest of the precipice in their rear. The fight was short, rapid and decisive! The advance of the British line, having assumed the form of a crescent, overlapping the enemy on both their flanks, Gen. Wadsworth and Col. Christie, with over 500 men, surrendered on the very verge of the cliff. Many of the fugitives scrambled down the sides of the Heights towards the landing, with the hope of escaping to their own shore, but Holcroft's battery below, in rear of the village of Queenston, had rendered the passage of the river so dangerous that the boatmen refused to cross. Many plunged into the river and attempted to swim across. Half of them were drowned, while the remainder secreted themselves among the rocks and bushes along the shore.

During this time our Indians lined the cliff or perched themselves high up in the trees above, firing at the fugitives whenever opportunity offered. The American General, Scott, to preserve the rest of his command from utter destruction, raised a white flag and surrendered the next day—making the whole number of prisoners over 950 officers and men, thus closing a glorious victory and avenging the death of Gen. Brock. The American loss in killed, wounded, drowned and missing has never been correctly ascertained, owing partly to the immediate dispersal of a large portion of their militia. Some accounts give their killed and drowned at one hundred and their wounded at two hundred; others placed the drowned alone at one hundred, and three hundred killed and wounded. Another American account stated that 1,600 Americans were engaged, of whom 900 were regulars, and the number of killed and drowned were estimated at from 150 up to 400. Take it all in all—it was a great victory, the Americans losing nearly one thousand prisoners and from two to three hundred in killed, drowned and missing. The British loss was small, sixteen killed and sixty-nine wounded. The returns are missing, and this may not include the militia and the Indians. The total casualties, however, it is thought, in killed and wounded on the British side may be set down as under one hundred.

Our stand-point view on Queenston Heights of 1845 is still there. The monument erected to the memory of General Brock by a grateful people still stands. The waters of the Niagara still roll silently but swiftly by as of old. All is now quiet and peaceful around those Heights and the dread conflict of Oct. 13, 1812, is almost forgotten by the people of Canada, except when aroused by the uncalled for braggadacio of the American press as to how they could "gobble up Canada." Then the Canadians proudly point to those "Queenston Heights," and the glorious victory won by their little army of 1812, and so long as breathes a patriotic Canadian, or Canada remains a portion of the British Empire, the battle of Queenston Heights and the name of General Brock, associated with the war of 1812, will ever be held sacred as "Canadian household words."

The rascal who wrote the foregoing would make a most worthy member of the British American Association of this city. He ought to cross the border and become president of that body, instead of that son of a feather bed, George E. Goose, whose gabbling is provocative of laughter. The martially bent Canuck who wrote the quoted account of the action at Queenston Heights fails to record another fight which occurred in the same region as lately as June 2, 1866, when 400 Irish-Americans routed four times their number of Canadians at Ridgeway, capturing their colors, overcoats, baggage and arms. The writer in the Montreal *Star* does not call upon the Canadian militia to remember Ridgeway with pride. In fact the name of the place became so baneful to them—a reminder of the fine running qualities of the Canadian militia, under Col. Booker, of Toronto—that they have changed it. The Right Hon. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., in his "Booker's Run," to the air of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," thus immortalizes the splendid pedestrianism of the Canadian militia at Ridgeway:

Oh, list and hear, good friends, from me,
The news that's just come o'er the sea,
About the light-legged company,
Led on by Col. Booker.

The Queen's Own Regiment was their name.
From fair Toronto town they came,
To put the Irish all to shame,
And win themselves immortal fame.

Tantara, rub-a-dub, oh, hi-ho
Drums beat up and bugles blow,
Off they march to meet the foe,
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

Such fury filled each loyal mind,
No volunteer would stay behind,
They flung their red flag to the wind,
"Hurrah, my boys," said Booker;

"Behold beyond yon sloping height,
Their bayonets flashing in the light,
Go forth my heroes, left and right,
Let none among them live tonight—

Readily, steadily, oh, hi-ho,
Sure your aim and strong your blow,
No Irish ruck could face, you know,
The Queen's and Colonel Booker."

The rifles flashed, the balls came by,
The Queen's men fell, with groan and cry,
"Good Lord, I'd give the world that I
Were safe at home," said Booker.

He spurred for shelter here and there,
He wheeled and cantered to the rear,
While every loyal Volunteer
Was shaking in his boots with fear.

Quailing, failing, Oh, hi-ho,
Afraid to face the Irish foe,
Who cheered and laughed to see the show,
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

"What sound is that comes on the breeze?
Are those their horsemen midst the trees?
Down, soldiers, down upon your knees,
To meet their charge," said Booker.

Then turning quick he fled the place,
He wished, he said, to "change his base,"
His soldiers joined him in the race,
And all went off at railroad pace:

Helter, skelter, oh, hi-ho,
Higgledy, piggledy, there they go,
Swords and guns away they throw
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

Oh, never say the Indian breed
Bear off the palm for wind and speed;
What dusky chief could take a lead
From loyal Colonel Booker?

Bid him bring out, by day or night,
His gallant "Queen's" equipped for fight,
Place Colonel John O'Neill in sight,
Amidst a ridge of bayonets bright—

Then give the word, and, oh, hi-ho,
See how they'll fly the Irish foe,
See how they'll ply the heel and toe,
The Queen's and Colonel Booker.

THE CITIZEN has no faith in the rumors of war between this country and Great Britain, but, should it come, the Canadian militia will be called upon "to shame their boasts or prove them true," as upon that force will fall the first fury of America's onset. We will admit that our militia did not do well at Queenston Heights, in 1812, but our regulars, under the gallant Scott, did; but even our militia, at the Heights, were heroic when compared with the Canadian Volunteers at Ridgeway.

AN UNPATRIOTIC VAGRANT.

It is quite evident that a great many Englishmen have no respect for Irishmen who are ashamed to own their nationality, and who pretend to have no familiarity with the music, literature and manners of their country. In a recent issue of the Manchester, Eng., *Evening News* we find the following:

"At Warrington on Friday a middle-aged Irishman, named William Birch, was charged with vagrancy in Horsemarket street. Constable Bell proved the case, and stated that 8½d was found on the prisoner.

"Ald. Harrison (presiding magistrate)—Where did you get the money from?

"The Prisoner—I sang for it.

"The Chairman—Then you worked for it.

"The prisoner remarked in an apologetic manner that he never sang any Irish songs, and that he confined his vocal ability to English and Scotch songs.

"The Chairman—It is somewhat strange that an Irishman should have a predilection for Scotch songs, is it not?

"Prisoner—I have been in an asylum some eighteen years ago. I have got a silver plate in my head owing to an injury I received from a stone when I was a lad.

In consequence of a remark made by the bench the prisoner called out, "I don't belong to Belfast, your honor; oh, no. I belong to a place called Kilkenny (laughter). I have been a dancing master."

"The Chairman—Will you leave town if I discharge you?

"Prisoner (joyfully)—I will. I will run.

"The Chairman—Which way will you go?

"Prisoner—Oh, any way, if you will let me go. I would run on my head.

"The prisoner was then discharged."

Subsequently the editor of the same paper, commenting on the above recorded event, says:

"An Irish vagrant stated to the Warrington magistrates on Friday that he earned his living by singing English and Scotch songs, and that he never sang Irish melodies. This unpatriotic Hibernian explained his partiality for Scotch songs rather irrelevantly by stating that he had been in an asylum, and that he had had a silver plate put in his head owing to an injury from a stone. It has been often alleged that the only way to get a joke into a Scotchman's head is by a surgical operation, but it is a novelty to learn that the burning patriotism of a Hibernian can be affected by the same means. Perhaps the discovery may be turned to account. If the effect of a surgical operation on the head be to make an Irish vocalist conceive a distaste for the melodies of his own country and a liking for Scotch songs, is it not conceivable that by the process of trepanning what Mr. Balfour considers the cussedness of the Irish people might be removed and Parnellite members converted into the most enthusiastic upholders of Unionism?"

There is a good deal of sly humor, directed at both the Irish and Scotch, in the Englishman's "few lines." Nobody of sense can do less than laugh with the pleasant Saxon editor. When Irishmen used to have their skulls fractured in political, and other, faction fights, they were even more disloyal than they are today. The Queen of England's police, with their batons, have recently softened with blows the heads of many Irishmen in Tipperary and elsewhere, but "loyalty" to England does not seem to be increasing.

A BRAY FROM THE BRITISH JACKASS

An obscure scribe, who has evidently used a quill taken from the wing of George E. Goose, and dipped it in the unsavory gall of "Crazy Jane"—the leading local "lights" of the British American Jackassociation—has been trying to abuse THE CITIZEN. The fellow doesn't know how to begin to get rid of his venom. It is perhaps useless to notice a depraved liar who reiterates "Crazy Jane's" statement that the English were friendly to the Union during the War of the Rebellion. These obscurities cannot give the lie to history. Every intelligent American citizen knows that England was Jefferson Davis' warmest ally, and that the English, including Gladstone, Lord Stanley and Roebuck, purchased more Confederate bonds than all the other nations of the world put together. The English alone preyed upon our commerce, under the flag of the Confederacy. The English alone derided Union generalship and slurred Union courage. The English, with the exception of a few impotent Chartists, made "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" as familiar in their country as "God Save the Queen." The English sent their military observers to accompany the Rebel army. (see the pamphlet of Col. Fremantle of the Guards). The English made a lion of "Stonewall" Jackson, and erected a magnificent monument to his memory in Richmond, Va. The English, as a body, hate America, and both Goose and Jane, with their ilk, if war were declared against England tomorrow, would either hunt their holes or fight against America. If they joined our army it would be only to act in the capacity of spies for "the mother country." There are Englishmen who are loyal citizens of America, but they are republican in principle and gentlemen by nature. The Brutish-American Jackassociation has nothing in common with them. England, by paying us $15,000,000 in the matter of the Alabama claims, confessed her guilt. No other nation paid us pirate damages.

RICHARD D. WALSH.

MR. RICHARD D. WALSH, one of Chicago's best known young business men, and a devoted friend of the cause of Irish liberty, has accepted the position of superintendent of the great Anaconda Mine, Anaconda, Mont., at a very handsome salary. Mr. Walsh, who, although young was in the ranks of the true men of Ireland during the troublous days of the Land League, has made hosts of friends among all classes of people in this city, and they all hope that his future career will be one of continued honor and prosperity.

A GRAVE CRISIS IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

It is almost impossible for people who are willing to give Mr. Parnell credit for ability and honesty of intention to understand his recent course in the Saxon house of commons. It has been, to put the case in the mildest possible form, decidedly inconsistent, and strikingly inharmonious with the earlier portion of his career. The readers of THE CITIZEN will peruse with interest the letter of the patriotic Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, which is printed in another column, and which shows the deep anxiety into which Mr. Parnell's recent action has plunged that prelate. That letter is the most bitter pill that Mr. Parnell has had to swallow during his period of leadership.

And, on the heels of it, comes another most painful surprise. Parnell, apparently without consulting his party, and ignoring the public feeling of Ireland, during the debate on the Irish estimates last week, actually "made up" to "Bloody Balfour," and allowed the vote on that official wretch's salary to pass without opposition. He really won the applause of the Mitchelstown butcher by the "moderation" of his language, and by his friendly demeanor. He even suggested some amendments to Balfour's land bill, in order to help him out of a difficulty.

Well, all this may be strategy, but, to plain people, it looks like crawfishing. It is not to be wondered at that Archbishop Walsh is righteously angry, and Ireland and the Irish people cannot too heartily thank him for his most timely and manly interference in their behalf. If a layman, of any degree of prominence, were to assume the attitude taken by the Archbishop, he would, no doubt, be bitterly assailed by the zealous personal partisans of the Irish leader, who, as one of the absentees complained of in the prelate's letter, comes under the censure expressed in that significant document.

There is one grain of comfort to be gathered from the situation: the parliamentary policy of the Parnellites has entered upon a grave crisis. It may be that Mr. Parnell has grown distrustful of the Liberals and wishes to take up again that position of independence whice he weakly sacrificed to Gladstonian influence in 1886. It was a terrible mistake, but it will seem as nothing compared with the awful blunder of making Balfour an ally, while yet the jails are filled with the victims of his hatred, and while the blood of the innocent men slaughtered at Mitchelstown calls to heaven for vengeance.

J. P. SUTTON, JR.

THE CITIZEN has great regret in announcing the death, at Lincoln, Neb., on Wednesday, of the son of the secretary of the Irish National League of America, Mr. John P. Sutton. Little "Jack" Sutton, as he was lovingly called, was a bright and promising boy. His death is a terrible bereavement in an affectionate household. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, and their surviving children, have the most profound sympathy of THE CITIZEN in a domestic affliction for which there is no comfort in mortal words.

HON. RICHARD M'CLOUD.

The Hon. Richard McCloud, one of our oldest personal friends, and an American citizen and Irish patriot of whom his people may well be proud, has been relieved, being a Democrat, from duty as Register of Lands, at Durango, Col. The Montezuma *Journal*, Republican, of recent date, thus alludes to the change:

"On Wednesday last President Harrison sent to the senate the name of R.W. Ritter of Durango, to be register of the land office at Durango, to succeed Richard McCloud, whose term of office expires July 1. We believe the appointment of Mr. Ritter will meet with the approval of the people of this land district and that he will make in every respect an efficient officer. He will succeed one of the most faithful and efficient land officers that has ever filled a similar position in Colorado. We believe that no one can justly offer an objection to the faithful and conscientious manner in which Mr. McCloud has discharged the duties of register for the four years during which he has held the office. On behalf of the people of Montezuma county the *Journal* feels that it should extend to the retiring official their gratitude for the many favors shown and the uniform courtesy displayed in his official capacity during his incumbency of the important position."

ARCHBISHOP WALSH CENSURES DELINQUENT IRISH M. P's.

The following is the text of Archbishop Walsh letter to the Dublin *Freeman* relative to Irish M. P.'s who had been absent from the recent critical parliamentary divisions, in one of which the government had only a majority of four votes:

"*Dear Sir*—I have just learned by a telegram from London that on a critical division in the house of commons this evening the ministry has been saved from defeat by the narrow majority of four. It would furthermore seem that for its escape the ministry is indebted to the fact that a considerable number of our Irish representatives were absent from their posts.

"If all this be true, as I fear it is true, a grave crisis has arisen in the public affairs of our country. The country, I trust, will call the absentees, every one of them, to account.

"The crisis has not come on our representatives without the fullest notice. Last week, more than once, the ministry escaped defeat by majorities—then regarded as exceedingly narrow majorities—of something between thirty and forty votes. Two or three days ago the majority was brought down to twenty-nine. On all these occasions Irish members who ought to have been at their posts were absent from them.

"It was plain to every one that some most critical division might take place this evening, the issue of which might depend upon the presence or absence of our representatives. Notwithstanding all this, it would now seem that a number of those representatives were absent from their posts, and that by their absence they saved the ministry from a crushing defeat.

"For my part I feel bound to lose not a moment in stating that if a satisfactory explanation be not forthcoming for what has occurred—I do not care who the absentees may be—I shall find it hard to place any further trust in the action of the present Irish Parliamentary party. I remain, dear sir, most faithfully yours,

"† WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

4 Rutland Square, Dublin, June 19, 1890."

ROMAN NEWS.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Tuesday the Holy Father admitted to a private audience Monsignor Maupas, bishop of Zara in Dalmatia. On Tuesday a like honor was accorded to Monsignor Mangenva, bishop of Gerace, and Monsignor M. Burke, at present bishop of Cheyenne, U.S.A. On Friday Mgr. Elias Hoyek, Maronite Archbishop of Arca and patriarchal vicar, and Monsignor Tullius Sericci, bishop of Comacchio, were admitted to the presence of the Supreme Pontiff in separate audiences. On Saturday separate private audiences were granted by his Holiness to Mgr. Bareto, bishop of Funchall, in the island of Madeira, and Mgr. Aurelius Zonghi, bishop of St. Severino.

BEATIFICATIONS.

On Tuesday morning a general meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites took place in presence of the Holy Father, in the Vatican, to discuss the virtues in heroic degree of the venerable servant of God, Jeanne de Lestonnac, foundress of the Daughters of the Blessed Virgin Mary. There were present at the session the cardinals, prelates, and consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and the Right Rev. Mgr. Virili, postulator of the cause, together with the defending advocates.

PONTIFICAL HONORS AND APPOINTMENTS.

By special letters of the secretary of state, dated the 19th ult., the Holy Father has been pleased to enumerate his Eminence Cardinal Appolloni among the Cardinals composing the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. In the meeting of the papal signature of justice, held in the Vatican on Thursday, June 19, Mgr. Philip Ferri Mancini and Mgr. Benedict Lorenzelli took the accustomed oath, and were duly declared referees of the Signature of Justice. Mgr. B. Lorenzelli is the rector of the Bohemian College, and has twice been papal ablegate to carry the biretta to Austrian cardinals on their appointment. The Holy Father, as a sign of his esteem and consideration, has been pleased to appoint among the bishops assistant at the pontifical throne, with the title of Roman count, Mgr. Charles Louis d'Amour, bishop of Cujaba, in Brazil. At the same time his Holiness was pleased to name as supernumerary chamberlains of honor the Very Rev. Canon Benedict Severiano da Luz Pereira, both Brazilians. Moreover, Gioacchino Felicissimo de Almeida Luzaday, who also hails from the newly declared Republic, has been decorated by the Supreme Pontiff with the cross of

KNIGHT OF PIUS IX.

The Holy Father, *ex motu proprio* and spontaneously has been pleased to name the Rev. Dr. MacDonald, secretary to his Grace the Archbishop of New York, one of his privy chamberlains *in abito paonazzo*. The appointment coming direct from the Holy See has given great satisfaction to his Grace Archbishop Corrigan, and also to the numerous friends of Dr. MacDonald in Rome and elsewhere. We have also to record the fact that on Saturday, June 21, the Holy Father, by special letters of the secretary of state, has been pleased to approve of the confering of the cross of Knight Commander of the Militia Christi upon Prince Lancelotti, Commendatore Tolli, and Commendatore Mr. Harry Cassell. This makes the third Knight Commandership which has fallen to the lot of Mr. Harry Cassell. We are sure that the many friends of Mr. Cassell among the literarchy, clergy and laity throughout the English speaking world will receive this news with universal joy and congratulations.

THE NEW CARDINALS.

During the afternoon of to-morrow, Monday, after the secret consistory, and the next day his Eminence Cardinal Mermillod will, by special invitation, hold his solemn receptions in the apartments of Cardinal Ledochwski, where Cardinal Melchers, as archbishop of Cologne, also received when raised to the sacred purple. Both Cardinals Mermillod and Melchers have, like their host, suffered for holy church and conscience' sake at the hands of their respective governments; and it is for this reason precisely that his Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski was so anxious that Cardinal Mermillod should accept his offer and hold his receptions in his rooms, in the Palazzo Antici Mattei. Cardinal Mermillod will return to Switzerland for a short time and will then return to Rome, in which city he will take up his future residence. Many have been the deputations from the clergy of different parts of Switzerland, such as the dioceses of Geneva, Vaud, Fribourg, and Neuchatel, which have come to Rome to express their thanks to the Holy Father and to express their deep sentiments of gratitude for the honor which has been conferred on their native land by the raising of Mgr. Mermillod to the sacred college of cardinals, after a lapse of three hundred years which have passed since Switzerland could boast of a like distinction. The generals of the Jesuits, Redemptorists, and Capuchins, and the Father Abbot of the Benedictines of Subiaco, who are all compatriots of the new cardinal, have offered their warmest thanks to the Holy Father for the honor conferred upon their fellow countryman. His Eminence will have the consolation of having near him on this important occasion his brother, the Rev. Father Fifred, O.S.F.C., who is coming to Rome under obedience to the general of the Capuchins to be present on the happy occasion; an order which ought not to be hard for the Rev. Father to put into execution.

LATEST ARRIVALS.

Among the latest arrivals in the Eternal City are the Right Rev. Patrick Manogue, bishop of Sacramento, Cal., with his secretary, Rev. Father Grace. His Lordship is a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1830. He was appointed to the titular see of Ceramo, July 28, 1889, succeeded as coadjutor to the suppressed see of Grass Valley, Feb. 29, 1884, and on May 28, 1886, was translated to his present diocese of Sacramento as suffragan to the archdiocese of San Francisco. We have also had the pleasure of welcoming to Rome his Lordship Most Rev. Dr. William Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross, who was appointed to that diocese, Sept. 7, 1887. In the autumn of the present year we are expecting a general visitation of the Irish bishops on special business with the Holy See.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. G. Barry, the well known young Irish artist, will leave Chicago this week for a sketching trip of the many and historic places in the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe. Mr. Barry, although a stranger in Chicago, has met with the most flattering success while here, having painted the portraits of some notable people in this city. He will return late in the fall.

Mr. F. T. Colby, the well known lawyer, sailed from New York on last Wednesday per steamship "City of New York" for a business trip to the South of England. Mr. Colby had reservations cabled on the "City of Chicago," which sails from Liverpool on the 30th inst., in order to meet his 15th of August engagement as President of the United Irish Societies.

As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no magical cure for disease. The effect, however, of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood disorders comes as near magic as can be expected of any human agency. This is due to its purity and strength.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

A correspondent of the Glasgow *Observer* writes—Mr. William O'Brien did not allow himself a very long honeymoon. He is back into the activety of public life already. He was in the house of commons on Friday week, and his friends and comrades were rejoiced to see him looking so well and happy. Marriage has most certainly agreed with him. At the banquet given to Mr. Parnell, he sat on the chairman's immediate left, and I can honestly say that I do not remember ever seeing him in such sturdy health and buoyant spirits.

COMMISSIONERS OF EDUCATION.

The Dublin *Gazette* announces that the Lords Justices have appointed Lord Chief Baron Palles and the Rev. Henry Evans, D.D., to be Commissioners of National Education, respectively filling the vacancies created by the deaths of Sir Robert Kane and James W. Murland, Esq.

ON THE DECLINE.

The King's County *Chronicle* says that the Rev. F. Kearney, P.P., Moate, on Sunday, after mass, calls out from the altar the names of those who have been arrested for drunkenness during the week and invites them to take the pledge, and as a consequence drunkenness is on the decline.

ORDINATIONS.

The following students from the diocese of Ferns were promoted to Holy Orders at the ordination held in Maynooth College, his Grace, the Archbisoop of Dublin officiating: Priesthood, Rev. Laurence Boggan, Rev. Laurence Kinsella. Deaconship, Rev. James Redmond, Rev. Michael Mackey, Rev. James Kenny. Sub deaconship, Rev. Aiden Forrestal.

FORTUNATE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Thirty five years ago there emigrated to Australia a farmer's son, William Millar, whose father lives two miles from Moneymore. He was not particularly successful and he determined to come home, but his cash not being sufficient for this purpose he stopped at the Cape, went up to goldfields, and little by little became possessor of a lucky spot, and amassed an enormous fortune. He arrived at his native place on June 21, from London, and has taken up his permanent residence in the Manor House, formerly the residence of Sir W. Conyngham, which he bought for £5 000. Personally Mr. Millar is worth £800,000, besides having shares in African mines to the extent of £250,000. It is believed that Mr. Millar's intention is to establish a beneficial industry in the vicinity of Moneymore in the shape of a large factory.

ONE MONTHS' HARD LABOR.

At last Parsonstown petty sessions, John Hunter was charged with stealing a salmon from a fishmonger in the street. The defense was a novel one, that if he thought it was a salmon he would not have taken it.

THE GOREY CONSPIRACY CASES.

Col. Miller, R.M., resumed the investigation into the charges of conspiracy against Messrs. John Gray, James and Michael Redmond, and Thomas J. Doyle, shopkeepers; and Andrew Naughter, an evicted tenant. Evidence in support of the charges was given by Sergeants Connors and Ormston and Constables McCarthy and Harper. The defendants were returned for trial to the next assizes for Wexford county, bail being accepted.

A NEW BOOK

The subscribers and others interested in Father O'Toole's new work, "The History of the Clan O'Toole and other Leinster Septs," will be glad to learn that it is now through the press.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language met at No. 6 Molesworth street, Thomas Rooney, Esq., in the chair. There were also present—Major R McElroy, R.I.A. and Messrs. R. J. O'Duffy, J. H. Lloyd, P. O'Byrne, J. Halligan, D. Fagan, and J. J. MacSweeney, secretary.

DEATHS.

Lady Wilde (Speranza), the widow of Sir William Wilde, and the mother of Oscar, has received a Civil List pension in recognition of her literary services. Oh, God of Israel!

The death is announced of Sir Croker Barrington, D.L., at the ripe old age of 73 years.

GRAND JURY.

The grand jury were sworn before Mr. James Jones Keappock, high sheriff at Drogheda. The following comprised the grand panel: Messrs. Thomas Henry Simcocks, T.C., ex-high sheriff, foreman; Simon Healy, Martin Butterly, John O'Neill, J. Webster, T. Stokes, D Gleeny, P. C. Green, E. Moran, Thomas Tallon, F. St. George Smyth, Thomas Brady, R. B. Davis, Richard J. Kennedy, Joseph Deane and F. W. Liland.

INVESTIGATION.

The result of Sir Charles Cameron's analysis and investigation on the poisoning of Mr. James O'Connor's family by eating mussels shows that mussels coming from a habitation impregnated with sewage develop in themselves a form of poison allied to strychnine, and known as ptomatius. Sir Charles is of opinion that mussels ought not to be eaten at all.

THE GREYSTONES SHOOTING.

Mr. M. H. Jones, coroner for East county Wicklow, attended at Greystones, and held an inquest on the body of Miss Grundy, the sad circumstances of whose death have been already reported. The jury found—That Thomas Byrne, alias Mooney, did wilfully and of malice aforethought kill and murder Elizabeth Grundy by firing a revolver bullet into her body, at Greystones, on June 26, from

the effects of which she died at Rathdown Lower, on June 29, 1890.

POISONED.

On Monday week the wife and four daughters of Mr. James O'Connor, of *United Ireland*, died at Seapoint, near Dublin, from the effects of having eaten poisoned mussels. On Tuesday an inquest was opened, but adjourned for a few days. On Thursday the funeral of Mrs. O'Connor and her four daughters took place. It evoked a remarkable demonstration of public sympathy along the entire route through the city to Glasnevin cemetery.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The authorities of the Hibernian Bank have chosen Mr. Hugh Cummins to fill the post of their Parsonstown Branch.

MUNSTER.

FINED FOR CALLING A DONKEY "BALFOUR."

At Castletownroche, before Col. Longbourne, R. M., a man named William Fogarty was charged with being drunk and disorderly. How was he disorderly asked the magistrate? "Why, sir," said the constable who preferred the charge, "he was driving a donkey cart and abusing the animal by calling him Balfour." A fine of 5s and costs, or a week's imprisonment, was the sentence imposed.

THE MANDEVILLE MEMORIAL.

A meeting of the committee of the John Mandeville and the Lonergan, Shinnick, and Casey National Memorial was held in the Town Hall, Mitchelstown, recently. The Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, P.P., V.G., occupied the chair. A letter was read from Messrs. John Sullivan, chairman, W. J. English, secretary, and John L. Quan, treasurer of the John Mandeville Memorial Committee, Chicago, U. S. A., forwarding a sum of £49 1s 10½ subscribed in that city for the memorial, and hoping it would be a great success. On the motion of Mr. John S. Casey, seconded by Rev. C. S. O'Connor, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Chicago Committee for the energy and patriotism they have displayed. The Very Reverend Chairman produced a very handsome design for the memorial. He said that the memorial, while being highly artistic, could be made the medium of doing something for the advancement of the substantial interests of the town which Mr. Mandeville always worked for (hear, hear). For that purpose it was contemplated in the design which he now held in his hand that they would have a large fountain, at least twelve feet in diameter, attached to the memorial, with suitable and artistic surroundings. The other three Mitchelstown martyrs should also be commemorated in the memorial. It was directed that the design should be forwarded to Mr. William O'Brien, M. P. The chairman said that while erecting a splendid monument to the memory of Mr. Mandeville, they would strive to make him more gratefully and permanently remembered by doing something to advance the interests of Mitchelstown, and he pointed out the numerous advantages that would result to the town by getting it under the Towns Improvement Act. The Rev. T. J. Morrison agreed with the chairman in his remarks, and said that if they had the town under the Improvement Act there would be no occasion for the committee to apply to the grand jury for a site for the monument to Mr. Mandeville on the square. Mr. John S. Casey, coroner, also spoke in approval of the suggestion.

PUBLIC MEETING IN ENNIS.

A public meeting was held at Ennis for the purpose of demanding an inquiry into the treatment of John Daly and other Irish political prisoners confined in English jails. The outlying districts were well represented, and the contingent from Limerick numbered 800. Mr. Stephen Clancy, of Ennis, presided. Letters of apology were read from Messrs. Michael Davitt and Abraham, Kenny, O Keeffe, Jordan, Finucane, Sheehy and Cox, M.P.'s. Resolutions were passed demanding an independent sworn inquiry into the cruelties alleged to have been inflicted on Irish political prisoners in English jails, recording distrust in the present investigation going on in connection with John Daly's treatment in prison, "conducted as it is by a county court judge and three gentlemen appointed by the government," and tendering thanks to the Irish party for their efforts towards obtaining the inquiry sought for. Among the speakers were Messrs. Keane, P. J. Hoctor, Limerick; Mr. Herbert, T. C., Limerick; J. F. Nagle, — Molloy, Limerick. No police were at the meeting.

AN IRISH TENOR.

The singing of Mr. Francis Unacke Bayly (son of the late Richard Bayly, Esq., J.P., Ballinaclough), a gifted Irishman, is much appreciated in London society. At a recent entertainment given by Colonel and the Misses Petrie, the vocalization of Mr. Bayly both in solos and in the duet, "La ci Darem," was very much applauded.

MOONLIGHTERS.

A party of Moonlighters made a raid for arms in the vicinity of Feoneagh, county Limerick. They were successfully resisted at one house belonging to a woman named Breen. They took five guns altogether.

CLARE ASSIZES.

The summer assizes of 1890 for county Clare opened at Ennis. Mr. Justice Holmes presided in the Crown Court, and the grand jury having been re-sworn, he addressed them, saying: Captain O'Callaghan and gentlemen of the grand jury of the county of Clare, your criminal duties at the present assizes is very light. I understand there are only two bills to go before you, and if you find true bills in these two cases, together with the other cases that stood over from the last assizes, that will be the entire criminal business to be disposed of.

ACCIDENT IN THURLES.

A horse took fright in Chapel street and ran away, and a young man named Brennan, from Silvardagh, who is a coal carrier, rushed over to stop the animal in its course, when he was struck by the shaft, and knocked down, with the result that one of his legs was broken.

A LANDLORD DROWNED.

Within a short distance of his residence was found in a deep pool of the river Aubeg the dead body of Arthur Norcott, Park, Doneraile, county Cork. The deceased left his home a few hours previously, promising to return. He attempted suicide about twelve months ago by shooting himself. His relations with his tenantry seem to have been friendly.

AN OLD LADY ARRESTED

A Queenstown correspondent says—An old lady named Miss Eliza Hill, who arrived from New York by the Guion liner Arizona, was arrested shortly after landing by Detective Sergeant O'Neill for having concealed in her valise a loaded seven chamber revolver and two packages of ammunition. Miss Hill belongs to Cork and resided for thirty six years in Chicago. She was taken before a magistrate and remanded.

POLICE AND PEOPLE AT BANDON.

The brutal and unwarranted attack made by the people who had assembled on the Bandon platform on the evening Father Crowley was being conveyed to jail, has excited a good deal of indignation in the town. The members of the local band, who were mercilessly batoned on the occasion, left the chapel in a body on Sunday when the policemen went there to hear mass. On Monday a number of children belonging to the National School marched through the town with a green banner. It was stated they intended leaving the school, because the children of a policeman were attending there. The flag which the youngsters carried was seized by a policeman and torn into shreds.

EVICTIONS IN LIMERICK.

The sub sheriff of Limerick, Mr. Frederick Hobson, accompanied by bailiffs and escorted by police, under the command of District Inspector Wright, Newcastlewest, proceeded to Farren and Mondellihy, near Drumcollogher, where two tenants named Sullivan and Morrison were evicted at the suite of the landlord, Colonel White.

CHARGE OF BURGLARY.

Three young men named Michael Fevin, Patrick O'Connor and Richard Nash, were arrested by the Kildysart constabulary on the charge of having burglariously entered the hotel of Mr. James Hehir. They were brought before a local magistrate and remanded without bail to the next petty sessions.

DEATHS.

The death of Mrs. Michael Ambrose, a highly respected lady, took place at her residence, The Square, Newcastle West, on June 23.

David Mahony, solicitor, Killarney, died recently.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Charles Purcell, aged 15 years, son of Mr. C. Purcell, P.L.G., Archerstown, was drowned in the Suir, near Clonmel, while bathing.

Steam communication on the river Blackwater, which has ceased since August, 1888, was resumed recently.

Jeremiah Slattery, merchant, Lismore, has sold his property at Ballysaggartmore, to his tenants, at fifteen years' purchase, for about £3,000. The land was bought originally for £6,000.

Messrs. Redmond and Fisher, Waterford, have been released from jail.

Mr. James Reardon, of Tipperary, was sworn in as solicitor before the Lord Chancellor.

A man named William Lynch, who had been previously convicted thirty times, was sentenced to five years penal servitude, recently, at Tralee quarter sessions, for assaulting a man named Moriarty.

The revival of the Limerick Horse Show this year has been a success.

The Rev. Patrick Costelloe, of All Hollows College, was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, Bishop of Kerry, of the Cathedral Killarney, on June 23.

The following Kerry students were promoted to priesthood at the Ordination held in Maynooth College a few days ago, his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, being the officiating prelate: Rev. John Brick, Rev. James Carroll, Rev. Maurice Fitzgerald, Rev. Patrick Keane.

An outbreak of fever is reported in Newcastlewest Union.

On Saturday week a farmer named George Water, aged 83, and his wife, aged 78, died at their home near Midleton. They had been married sixty years.

The Kerry cattle of the Royal Agricultural Show have been pronounced the best collection yet exhibited. Mr. Barter, St. Ann's Hill, took first prize: Mr James Robertson, La Mancha, second, Mr. Pierce Mahony, M. P., third.

CONNAUGHT.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

During the progress of the works in connection with the widening of the Shannon near Lough Allen, the workmen in excavating at a depth of twelve feet unearthed a boat made of Irish oak and of peculiar design. Instead of the sheeting used now a days the boat is evidently scooped out of a massive tree, as it measures over eighteen feet in length and about thirty inches in width. Holes are bored in it apparently for the purpose of using sails, and two short oars about four feet long were also discovered. Portion of what appears to be oak spades tipped with iron were also found.

ALOYSIAN SOCIETY EXCURSION.

The members of the Aloysian Society, Galway, had an excursion to Cong and Oughterard, Lord Ardilaun having placed the steamer "Eglinton" at their disposal for that purpose. The excursion was under the directorship of the Brothers of St. Patrick.

GAVE EXCESSIVE RELIEF TO THE EVICTED.

Mr. Timothy Clarke, P.L.G., Portumna, has been released from Galway jail, having completed three months' imprisonment, to which he was sentenced for refusing to pay £50 surcharged him by the auditor, on the ground that he, as guardian, had given excessive relief to Clanricarde evicted tenants.

LEAGUE MEETINGS.

A meeting of the Portumna branch of the National League was held on Sunday, June 29, Mr. P. Tuohy in the chair. The chairman and members were all unanimous in a vote of sympathy with the families of the four members of the branch now doing two months in Galway prison under the brave Balfour's coercion law.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Tiernascragh, county Galway, branch, held on June 29, it was resolved: "That we condemn the action of Recorder Henn in confirming the sentenced passed by two of Balfour's pliant removables on the four brave Portumna men, Messrs. Lyons, Morrissy, Mannion, and Madden, on the evidence of the notorious Michael Dillon."

At a very large meeting of the Kilkelly and Glaun branch, it was resolved: "That we cannot find words strong enough to condemn the grossly mean and vindictive conduct of Mr. Hussey in appealing against those tenants who defeated him at the quarter sessions; that we congratulate Father Kennedy, of Meelin, on the deadly blow he has given to coercion and Balfourism in Ireland; that our best thanks are due and are hereby tendered to T. M. Healy for the service he has rendered to his countrymen, as well as to all lovers of justice and fair play, in giving such a castigation to our present so called rulers as has made them a butt and a laughing stock.

A meeting of the Ballintubber branch was held on June 29 After discussing various matters the following resolution was adopted: "That we condemn the action of James Murray, of Layboy, county Mayo, in taking the farm of Lecarrow, county Roscommon, which the Miss Kennys gave up for a reduction of rent.

On Monday, June 30, there was a meeting of the Baslick (county Roscommon) branch, James Scott, president, in the chair. The following resolution was adopted: "That we repudiate and condemn in the strongest and most emphatic manner the conduct of Darby Hand and Nannie Hand, his wife, for disposing of their own holding of land and grabbing the holding of land marked by the landlord's surveyor and agent for the secretary of the Baslick branch of the League."

RACES EXTRAORDINARY.

Sunday, June 22, was a red letter day in the annals of Dalgan, Galway, history, as the athletic sports which were placarded in poetry and prose in the surrounding localities succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of the promoters. There was a splendid sprinkling of the fair sex in attendance, whose gorgeous apparel gave a very pleasing and varied appearance to the scene. The events, which were determinedly contested, commenced and wound up with an ass race, in which P. Kerrane's "Balfour the Brave" showed a clean pair of heels to a field of twenty competitors. Hughes' "Chamberlain" played second fiddle to "Balfour the Brave." The event of the day was the tug of war across the Clare river, when "Greek met Greek" in gallant style, and the prowess of the picked men of Dalgan and Milltown was tested. The display of strength and muscle on both sides showed that we still have left the grit and spirit that have made Irishmen famous the world over. Conspicuous among the contestants was Martin Quinn whose herculean strength conduced materially to the victory of the Dalgan men. Notable on the Milltown side was Mick Silk, whose "brawny arms" render him a worthy descple of Vulcan, and whose extraordinary stature appeared still greater from the bristling appearance of his enormous head of hair, and so terrifying was his appearance the spectators generally conceded the Dalganites would have no chance against him. Some idea may be formed of what the tugging was like when we have to record that one rope, which was in itself an "Atlantic cable," broke at the first try, subjecting some of the contestants to a cold bath by a sudden precipitation into the river. The "hag race" capped the climax of the day's excitement. There were no fewer than a dozen competitors, who, if they didn't handle their feet with as much dexterity as the sterner sex, handled their tongues to such an extent that they kept up a continual scolding before, during, and after the race. The old man's race too was very exciting. Over a dozen volunteered to enter the lists, but the number was soon reduced to six by the sudden collapse, almost at the start, of the remainder who appeared to think that somersaulting was an item of the event. Thaddy Ryan, however, carried off the palm, with Patsy Dignan close to his heels and William Diskin, of Tanyard, a good third.

ULSTER.

NATIONAL TEACHERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the National teachers of the counties of Cavan, Fermanagh, and Monaghan was held in the town hall, Clones, for the purpose of urging upon the government the necessity of improving the position of teachers in regard to salaries and in other respects. There was a very large attendance.

ALLEGED DEATH FROM VIOLENCE.

A man named Casey died in the county infirmary at Longford from injuries received, it is stated, in a fight some time ago. A man named Clabby has been arrested in connection with the affair.

SEVERE STORM.

A severe thunderstorm visited Newry. The lightning struck the house of Mr. Patrick Jennings, of Margaret street, and demolished a large chimney, which fell to the street with a tremendous crash, causing great alarm, but fortunately no person was injured.

BUILDING SOCIETY FRAUDS.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Belfast Union Building Society, it appeared that the total defalcations amount to £34,185, including £4,000 of interest, leaving the net amount at over £30,000. Opposite this the Society holds securities from Mr. Glenn for £14,713, leaving the net deficit at £19,472. The total amount due to the depositors is stated at £74,802, against which they have mortgages of property, including Mr. Glenn's, at £55,186, leaving a surplus of £11,000. This may yet be increased by about £4,000 or £5,000.

TRESPASS SUIT DISMISSED.

An action brought by James Goodman, Clohogue, Newry, against Capt. Irwin, of the East Lancashire regiment, for allowing a detachment of his troops to trespass on Mr. Goodman's farm, was dismissed at the Newry quarter sessions. The men were engaged in manœuvres at the time. The judge said he could not make the captain responsible for the damage.

SHOCKING FATALITY.

A man named Hugh Scott was killed while unyoking a pony from a trap belonging to his employer, Mr. Gahan, of Donegal. The animal became restive and ran, striking Scott with great violence against an upright pole. The man's neck was broken.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENE S.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*]

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

CAPT BOURKE'S CRITICISM.

[*Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.*]

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

* * * * * *

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians" in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the sum mons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

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AGENTS WANTED.

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ESTATE OF DAVID DUNNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of David Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof. MAURICE J. DUNNE, Administrator

Dated Chicago, June 12, 1890.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

SUSIE.

"A little girl has died," they say—
Only sixteen
Weep if ye may—best how as ye pray:
"What does it mean?"

But we cannot weep, though the child be dead,
And hearts beat sore;
Life closes unwed, by you stirless bed,
By the shadowed door.

Listen! God fashioned a house—He said:
"Build it with care;"
Then softly laid the soul of a maid
To dwell in there.

And always he watched it—guarded it so,
Both day and night;
The wee soul grew as your lilies do,
Splendid and white.

It grew, I say, as your lilies grow,
Tender and tall;
Till God smiled "Now, the house is too low
For the child and small."

And gently he shut the shutters one night,
And closed the door;
"More room and more light to walk upright
On a father's floor."

More room and more light for the maid you know—
Only sixteen;
And on God's high row, where angels go,
She smiles between.
—A. H. Begbie in Good Words.

THE PRIVATE'S STORY.

Far from the haunts of company officers who insist upon kit inspections, far from keen nosed sergeants who sniff the pipe stuffed into the bedding roll, two miles from the tumult of the barracks, lies the Trap. It is an old dry well, shadowed by a twisted pipal tree and fenced with high grass. Here, in the years gone by, did Private Ortheris establish his depot and menagerie for such possessions living and dead as could not safely be introduced to the barrack room. Here were gathered Houdin pullets and fox terriers of undoubted pedigree and more than doubtful ownership, for Ortheris was an inveterate poacher and pre-eminent among a regiment of neat handed dog stealers.

Never again will the long, lazy evenings return wherein Ortheris, whistling softly, moved surgeonwise among the captives of his craft at the bottom of the well; when Learoyd sat in the niche giving sage counsel on the management of "tykes," and Mulvaney, from the crook of the overhanging pipal, waved his enormous boots in benediction above our heads, delighting us with tales of love and war and strange experiences of cities and men.

Ortheris—landed at last in the "little stuff bird shop" for which your soul longed; Learoyd—back again in the smoky, stone ribbed north, amid the clang of the Bradford looms; Mulvaney—grizzled, tender and very wise; Ulysses—sweltering on the earthwork of a central India line—judge if I have forgotten old days in the Trap!

* * * * * *

Orth'ris, as allus thinks he knaws more than other foaks, said she wasn't a real laady, but nobbut a Hewrasian. I don't gainsay as her culler was a bit doosky like. But she was a laady. Why, she rode iv a carriage, an' good 'osses too, 'an her 'air was that oiled as yo' could see your faice in it, an' she wore dimond rings an' a goold chain an' silk and satin dresses as mun a' cost a deal, for it isn't a cheap shop as keeps enough o' one pattern to fit a figure like hers. Her name was Mrs. De Sussa, an' t' waay I come to be acquainted wi' her was along of our colonel's laady's dog Rip.

I've seen a vast o' dogs, but Rip was t' prettiest picter of a cliver fox tarrier 'at iver I set eyes on. He could do owt yo' like but speeak, an' t' colonel's laady set more store by him than if he had been a Christian. She hed bairns of her awn, but they was i' England, and Rip seemed to get all t' coodlin' and pettin' as belonged to a bairn by good right.

But Rip were a bit on a rover, an' hed a habit o' breakin' out o' barricks like, and trottin' round t' place as if he were t' cantonment magistrate coom round inspectin'. The colonel leathers him once or twice, but Rip didn't care an' kept on gooin' his rounds, wi' his taail a waggin' as if he were flag signallin' to t' world at large 'at he was "gettin' on nicely, thank yo'! and how's yo'sen?" An' then t' colonel, as was noa sort of a hand wi' a dog, tees him oop. A real clipper of a dog, an' it's noa wonder yon laady, Mrs. De Sussa, should tek a fancy tiv him. Theer's one o' t' ten commandments says yo' maun't cuvvet your neebor's ox nor his jackass, but it doesn't say nowt about his terrier dogs, an' happen thot's t' reason why Mrs. De Sussa cuvveted Rip, tho' she went to church reg'lar along wi' her husband, who was so mich darker 'at if he hedn't such a good coaat tiv his back yo' might ha' called him a black man and nut tell a lee nawther. They said he addled his brass i' jute, an' he'd a rare lot on it.

Well, yo' seen, when they teed Rip up t' poor awl lad didn't enjoy very good 'elth. So t' colonel's laady sends for me as 'ad a naame for bein' knowledgable about a dog an' axes what's ailin' wi' him.

"Why," says I, "he's getten t' mopes, an' what he wants is his libbaty an' company like t' rest on us; wal happen a rat or two 'ud liven him oop. It's low, mum," says I, "is rats, but it's t' nature of a dog; an' soa's cuttin' round an' meetin' another dog or two an' passin' t' time o' day, an' hevvin' a bit of a turn up wi' him like a Christian."

So she says her dog maunt niver fight an' noa Christians iver fought.

"Then what's a soldier for?" says I; an' I explains to her t' contrairy qualities of a dog, 'at, when yo' coom to think on't, is one o' t' curusest things as is. For they larn to behave theirsens like gentlemen born, fit for t' fost o' coompany—they tell me t' Widdy herself is fond of a good dog an' knaws one when she sees it as well as onnybody; then, on t'other hand, a-tewin' round after cats an' gettin' mixed oop i' all manners o' blackguardly street rows, an' killin' rats, an' fightin' like divils.

T' colonel's laady says: "Well, Learoyd, I doant agree wi' you, but you're right in a way o' speeakin', an' I should like yo' to tek Rip out a-walkin' wi' yo' sometimes; but yo' maun't let him fight nor chase cats, nor do nowt 'orrid;" an' them was her very wo'ds.

Soa Rip an' me gooes out a-walkin' o' evenin's, he bein' a dog as did credit tiv' a man, an' I catches a lot o' rats, an' we hed a bit of a match on in an awd dry swimmin' bath at back o' t' cantonments, an' it was none so long afore he was as bright as a button again. He hed a way o' flyin' at them big yaller pariah dogs as if he was a harrow offan a bow, an' though his weight were nowt he tuk 'em so suddent like they rolled over like skittles in a halley, an' when they coot he stretched after 'em as if he were rabbit runnin'. Saame with cats when he cud get t' cat agaate o' runnin'.

One evenin' him an' me was trespassin' over a compound wall after one of them mungooses 'at he'd started, an' we was busy grubbin' round a prickle bush, an' when we looks up there was Mrs. De Sussa wi' a parasel ovver her shoulder, a-watchin' us. "Oh, my!" she sings out; "there's that lovelee dog! Would he let me stroke him, Mister Soldier?"

"Aye, he would, mum," sez I, "for he's fond o' laady's coompany. Come here, Rip, an' speeak to this kind laady." An' Rip, seein' 'at t' mongoose had getten clean awaay, coms up like t' gentleman he was, nivver a hauporth shy nor okkord.

"Oh, you beautiful—you pretee dog!" she says, clippin' an' chantin' her speech in a way them sooart has o' their awn; "I would like a dog like you. You are so verree lovelee—so awfullee prettee," an' all thot sort o' talk 'at a dog o' sense mebbe thinks nowt on, tho' he bides it by reason o' his breedin'.

An' then I meks him joomp ovver my swagger cane, an' shek hands, an' beg, an' lie dead, an' a lot o' them tricks as laadies teeaches dogs, though I doan't haud wi' it mysen, for it's makin' a fool o' a good dog to do such like.

An' at lung lenth it cooms out 'at she'd been thrawin' sheep's eyes, as t' sayin' is, at Rip for many a day. Yo' see, her childer was grown up, an' she'd nowt mich to do an' were allus fond of a dog. Soa she axes me if I'd tek somethin' to dhrink. An' we goes into t' drawn room, wheer her husband was a-settin'. They meks a gurt fuss ovver t' dog, an' I has a bottle o' aale, an' he gave me a handful o' cigars.

Soa I coomed away, but t' awd lass sings out, "Oh, Mister Soldier, please coom again an' bring that prettee dog."

I didn't let on t' colonel's laady about Mrs. De Sussa, an' Rip he says nowt nawther; an' I goes again, an' iviry time there was a good dhrink an' a handful o' good smoaks. An' I telled t' awd lass a heeap more about Rip than I'd ever heeard; how he tuk t' fost prize at Lunnon dog show, and cost thotty-three pounds fower shillin' from t' man as bred him; 'at his own brother was the proupputty o' t' Prince of Wales, an' 'as he has a pedigree as long as a dook's. An' she lapped it all oop, an' were nivir tired o' admirin' him. But when t' awd lass took to givin' me money, an' I seed 'at she was gettin' fair fond about t' dog, I began to suspicion summat. Onny body may give a soldier t' price of a pint in a friendly way an' theer's no harm done, but when it coms to five rupees slipt into your hand, slylike, why, it's what t' 'lectioneerin' fellows calls bribery an' corruption. Specially when Mrs. De Sussa threwed hints how t' cold weather would soon be ovver, and she was goin' to Munsorree Pahar, an' we was goin' to Rawalpindi, an' she would nivir see Rip any more onless somebody she knowed on would be kind tiv her.

Soa I tells Mulvaney an' Orth'ris all t' taale thro', beginnin' to end.

"'Tis larceny that wicked ould lady manes," says t' Irishman; "'tis felony she is sejuicin' ye into, my frind Learoyd, but I'll purtect your innocince. I'll save ye from the wicked wiles av that wealthy ould woman, an' I'll go wid ye this evenin' an' spake to her the wurrds av truth an' honesty. But Jock," says he, waggin' his heead, "'twas not like ye to kape all that good dhrink an' thim fine cigars to yerself, while Orth'ris here an' me have been prowlin' round wid throats as dry as limekilns, an' nothing to smoke but canteen plug. 'Twas a dhirty thrick to play on a comrade, for why should you, Learoyd, be balancin' yourself on the butt av a satin chair, as if Terence Mulvaney was not the aquil av anybody who thrades in jute!"

"Let me alone," sticks in Orth'ris, "but that's like life. Them wot's really fitted to decorate society get no show, while a blunderin' Yorkshireman like you"——

"Nay," says I, "it's none o' t' blunderin' Yorkshireman she wants—it's Rip. He's t' gentleman this journey."

Soa t' next day Mulvaney an' Rip an' me goes to Mrs. De Sussa's, an' t' Irishman bein' a strainger she wor a bit shy at fost. But yo've heeard Mulvaney talk, an' yo' may believe as he fairly bewitched t' awd lass wal she let out 'at she wanted to tek Rip away wi' her to Munsboree Pahar. Then Mulvaney changes his tune an' axes her solemn like if she'd thought o' t' consequences o' gettin' two poor but honest soldiers sent t' Andamning Islands. Mrs. De Sussa began to cry, so Mulvaney turns round, oppen t'other tack an' smooths her down, allowin' 'at Rip 'ud be a vast better off in t' hills than down i' Bengal, an' 'twas a pity he shouldn't go wheer he was so well beliked. An' soa he went on backin' an' fillin' an' workin' up t' awd lass wal she felt as if her life warn't worth nawt if she didn't heve t' dog.

Then all of a suddint he says: "But ye shall have him, marm, for I've a feelin' heart, not like this could blooded Yorkshireman; but 'twill cost ye not a penny less than three hundher rupees."

"Don't yo' believe him, mum," says I; "t' colonel's laady wouldn't tek five hundred for him."

"Who said she would?" says Mulvaney; "it's not buyin' him, I mane, but for the sake o' this kind, good laady, I'll do what I never dreamt to do in my life. I'll stale him!"

"Don't say steal," says Mrs. De Sussa; "he shall have the happiest home. Dogs often get lost, you know, an' then they stray, an' he likes me an' I like him as I niver liked a dog yet, an' I must hev him. If I got him at t' last minute I could carry him off to Munsooree Pahar, an' nobody would niver knaw."

Now an' again Mulvaney looked acrost at me, an' though I could mak nowt o' what he was after, I concluded to tak his leead.

"Well, mum," I says, "I never thowt to coom down to dog steealin', but if my comrade sees how it could be done to oblige a laady like yo'sen, I'm nut t' man to hod back, tho' it's a bad business, I'm thinkin', an' three hundred rupees is a poor set off again t' chance o' them Damning islands as Mulvaney talks on."

"I'll mek it three fifty," says Mrs. De Sussa; "only let me hev t' dog!"

So we let her persuade us, an' she teks Rip's measure there an' then, an' sent to Hamilton's to order a silver collar again t' time when he was to be her awn, which was to be t' day she set off for Munsooree Pahar.

"Sitha, Mulvaney," says I, when we was outside, "you're niver goin' to let her hev Rip!"

"An' would ye disappoint a poor old woman?" says he. "She shall have a Rip."

"An' wheer's he to come through?" says I.

"Learoyd, my man," he sings out, "you're a pretty man av your inches an' a good comrade, but your head is made av duff. Isn't our friend Orth'ris a taxidermist, an' a rale artist wid his nimble white finger? An' wha't a taxidermist but a man who can thrate shkins? Do ye mind the white dog that belongs to the canteen sargint, bad cess to him—he that's lost half his time an' snarlin' the rest? He shall be lost for good now; an' do ye mind that he's the very spit in shape an' size av the colonel's, barrin' that his tail is an inch too long, an' he has none av the color that divarsifies the rale Rip, an' his timper is that av his master an' worse. But fwhat is an inch on a dog's tail? An' fwhat to a professional like Orth'ris is a few ringstraked shpots av black, brown an' white? Nothin' at all, at all."

Then we meets Orth'ris, an' that little man bein' sharp as a needle, seed his way through t' business in a minute. An' he went to work a practisin' 'air dyes the very next day, beginnin' on some white rabbits he had, an' then he drored all Rip's markin's on t' back of a white commissariat bullock, so as to get his 'and in an' be sure of his colors; shadin' off brown into black as nateral as life. If Rip hed a fault it was too much markin', but it was straingely reg'lar, an' Orth'ris settled himself to make a fost rate job on it when he got haud o' t' canteen sargint's dog. Theer niver was sich a dog as thot for bad temper, an' it did nut get no better when his tail hed to be fettled an inch an' a half shorter. But they may talk o' theer royal academies as they like. I niver seed a bit o' animal paintin' to beat t' copy as Orth'ris made of Rip's marks, wal t' picter itself was snarlin' all t' time an' tryin' to get at Rip standin' theer to be copied as good as goold.

Orth'ris allus hed as mich conceit on himsen as would lift a balloon, an' he woor so pleeased wi' his sham Rip he wor for tekking him to Mrs. De Sussa before she went away. But Mulvaney an' me stopped thot, knowin' Orth'ris' work, though niver so cliver, was nobbut skin deep.

An' at last Mrs. De Sussa fixed t' day for startin' to Munsooree Pahar. We was to tek Rip to t' stayshun i' a basket an' hand him ovver just when they was ready to start, an' then she'd give us t' brass—as was agreed upon.

An' my wod! It were high time she were off, for them 'air dyes upon t' cur's back took a vast of paintin' to keep t' reet culler, tho' Orth'ris spent a matter o' seven rupees six annas i' t' best droogshops i' Calcutta.

An' t' canteen sargint was lookin' for 'is dog everywheer; an' wi' bein' tied up t' beast's timper got waur nor ever.

It wor i' t' evenin' when t' train started thro' Howrah, an' we 'elped Mrs De Sussa wi' about sixty boxes, an' then he gave her t' basket. Orth'ris, for pride av his work, axed us to let him coom along wi' us, an' he couldn't help liftin' t' lid an' showin' t' cur as he lay coiled oop.

"Oh!" says t' awd lass; "the bautee! How sweet he looks!" An' just then t' beauty snarled and showed his teeth so Mulvaney shuts down t' lid and says: "Ye'll be careful, marm, when ye tek him out. He's disacctustomed to travelling by t' railway, an' he'll be sure to want his rale misstress an' his friend Learoyd, so ye'll make allowance for his feelings at fost."

She would do all that an' more for the dear, good Rip, an' she would nut oppen t' basket till they were miles away, for fear anybody should recognize him, an' we were real good and kind soldier-men, we were, an' she honds me a bundle o' notes, an' then cooms up a few of her relations anfriends to say good-by—not more than seventy-five there wasn't—an' we cuts away.

What coom to t' three hundred an' fifty rupees? Thot's what I can scarcelins tell you, but we melted it. It was share an' share alike, for Mulvaney said: "If Learoyd got hold of Mrs. De Sussa first, sure 'twas I that remimbered the sargint's dog just in the nick av time, an' Orth'ris was the artist av janius that made a work av art out av that ugly piece av ill nature. Yet, by way av a thank offerin' that I was not led into felony by that wicked ould woman, I'll send a thrifle to Father Victor for the poor people he's always beggin' for."

But me an' Orth'ris, he bein' cockney an' I bein' pretty far north, did nut see it i' t' saame way. We getten t' brass an' we meaned to keep it. An' soa we did—for a short time.

Noa—noa, we niver heeard a wo'd more o' t' awd lass. Our rig'mint went to Pindi, an' t' canteen sargint he got himself another tyke insteead o' t' one 'at got lost so reg'lar an' was lost for good at last.—Rudyard Kipling.

Safe from Entry.

First Burglar—Th' paper says th' locks on th' government vaults at Washington is so weak thet any burgler cud pick 'em!

Second burglar—Huh! Who wants them big theatre hat silver dollars!—New York Weekly.

Shreds and Patches.

"But why do you call such a shabby garment your Fifth avenue coat?"

"Because both are great places for rents, my dear."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

A GREEDY EX-SOLDIER.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF AN ITALIAN IMPOSTOR.

He Impersonated His Dead Comrade and Countryman—Thereby He Secured Two Pensions—He Was Detected While Trying to Secure Some Unpaid Bounties.

"Talking about pension swindlers," said Maj. Harry Phillips recently, "the most remarkable case that ever came under my observation was that of an Italian by the name of Giusetto. He was as keen as a razor, well educated, but with a nerve and audacity which few men possess. A year after the close of the war a claim for pension was filed for a man named Jacques Rollinger, of Springfield, O. He had enlisted as a private in one of the Ohio regiments in 1862, and had worked his way up until he had obtained a commission as a lieutenant. His claim was on account of rheumatism contracted in the service. After proving that it was contracted in the service, and that it continued from the date of his discharge up to the date of the application, the question was asked if he had been in the service previous to his enlistment in the Ohio regiment.

To this he answered that in 1861 he had enlisted in the First New York Independent battalion. Upon searching the roll of the First New York Independent battalion his name was found. The records showed that Rollinger, on Jan. 30, 1864, had been transferred to Company B of the Forty-seventh regiment, N. Y. S. volunteers, and that at the battle of Olustee, on Feb. 30, 1864, he was reported wounded and taken prisoner by the Confederates. They further showed that his name appeared on the roll of the Andersonville prison, and that he was reported as having died there on Aug. 27, 1864.

HE IMPOSED ON SECRETARY STANTON.

Upon a further search of the war department records it was found that in 1865 a man claiming to be Jacques Rollinger, accompanied by a little boy, had presented himself to Secretary Stanton, the then war minister, with a very plausible story, stating that he had been in the Andersonville prison, was sick there and feigned death in order to escape; that he was carried out of the prison inclosure with a lot of dead men, all being dumped to the ground together early in the morning. Watching his opportunity when the coast was clear of the guards he crawled unobserved toward a neighboring wood and finally escaped, reaching the Union lines about the time of the general surrender.

Secretary Stanton was impressed with the apparent sincerity of the man, who readily answered the questions concerning the prison and its surroundings satisfactorily. He believed the story, had the death record canceled and caused all the back pay and allowances to be paid to the supposed Rollinger. Shortly afterward the man filed a claim for pension on account of disability resulting from a gunshot wound incurred while in the service, which was subsequently allowed. A few years after this pension was secured another claim for bounty, remuster and allowances was filed in the second auditor's office at Washington as being due Jacques Rollinger, of Company B, Forty-seventh New York volunteers, by a party claiming to be the father of Jacques Rollinger. Evidence was filed proving Jacques Rollinger's death and burial while a prisoner of war at Andersonville, Ga.

About this time a pension and claim agent who did business at the New York city hall happened to call at the office of another claim agent in that vicinity. Upon entering the office of the second agent the first agent recognized a man present and called him by the name of Giusetto.

THE DISCOVERY.

While conversing together the second agent told the first that the man he had accosted was not named Giusetto, but Rollinger, and that evidently it was a case of mistaken identity. He was positive of that, because he was then engaged in prosecuting a claim before the government for back pay and bounty due on account of his son, who had died in the Andersonville prison. The first agent answered that he could not be mistaken, for the reason that he had already secured a pension for the same man on account of gunshot wounds under the name of Giusetto. The two agents, on comparing notes, made up their minds that there was something crooked somewhere, and reported all the facts in their possession to the authorities at Washington.

The secret service officers of the pension bureau, upon searching the records at Washington, found that Giusetto had been a member of Company A, Forty-seventh regiment, New York volunteers; that Rollinger was born in France, near the Italian border, close to Giusetto's birthplace, and that while both had been mustered in the Forty-seventh regiment of New York volunteers, though in different companies, they had become warm friends, understanding each other's native language. They were both taken prisoners at Olustee and sent to Andersonville, where Giusetto, during their long and weary prison days, learned all about the family story of Rollinger.

The secret service officers also ascertained that Giusetto was the man who personated Rollinger immediately after the war and imposed on the secretary of war. It was also ascertained that through another claim agent Giusetto had secured a pension for himself, in his own name, for wounds received when he was taken prisoner at the battle at which Rollinger was captured. Had he been contented with the double pension he was receiving he might have escaped detection. He was tried, convicted and sent to the Sing Sing State prison for a term of seven years some time in the early seventies. After Giusetto served out his time he returned to Rome, Italy, where a few years ago he was occupying a responsible position in a large business firm.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Pantomime Audience.

If there is one thing more amusing than an English pantomime it is the English audience that go to see it. Men, women and children who are intelligent enough on ordinary occasions seem, under the influence of this potent spell, to lose all control of themselves. Before the curtain rose the faces in front were expressive and even thoughtful. But when the entertainment was in full swing all sense of propriety was thrown off.

The audience were carried away and delighted beyond measure, and swallowed the most idiotic nonsense with the broad grin that seemed to mantle the face of the whole house. Shout after shout went up when the clown sat on the baby; and as the cockney swell appeared, extravagantly conscious of his own dignity and charmed by the effect of his personal appearance, the heartless public sat in eager expectancy, well knowing that some disaster was about to befall him, and when a half barrel of flour was poured upon his devoted head they would burst forth in the most boisterous manner. Any catastrophe that occurred to the police was always hailed with delight.

Why is it that these guardians of our safety are held in such contempt theatrically? When a double-dyed villain gets his quietus, and the innocent heroine is restored to the arms of the first walking gentleman, we applaud with delight. Surely under these circumstances one would suppose it to be our duty to resent any affront offered to the "force;" but no, the slightest indignity bestowed upon a virtuous policeman, such as the emptying of a bucket of water over his helmet, seems to give us joy.—Joseph Jefferson in Century.

The Wage Earners' Wrongs.

Here, then, is the wage earners' indictment of the wages system:

Every man has a right, because he has a duty, to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. The wage system denies this right to myriads of willing workers. In America, the workingman's Eldorado, nearly 1,000,000 willing workers were thrown out of employment in 1885. "Enforced idleness," says Carlyle, "is the Englishman's hell." That system cannot be right which turns 1,000,000 of willing workers in rich America into this hell and locks the door against them. Every man has a right to the product of his own industry; under the wage system the greater part of the products of industry goes into the hands of the few tool owners. The wealth of this country has increased during the past quarter century from fourteen billion to forty-four billion. A careful statistician estimates that the wages of 5,200,000 unskilled laborers were in 1884 less than $200 a year, while the average wages of workmen engaged in manufactures, including skilled laborers, was but $346 a year. That system cannot be right which gives the profits of industry to the few and compels the many to live always praying, Give us this day our daily bread.—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott in Forum.

A Peculiar Missouri Hen.

In the spring of 1881 I bought a dozen light Brahma hens and one cock, also light Brahma, having no other chickens on the farm. I know the chickens were pure Brahma. I noticed one of my young chicks was a very strange looking bird, and as it grew older what should have been feathers were silky gray hairs as long as my hand, the whole body being completely covered with them, except the head, which was perfectly naked, and much resembled a buzzard's head.

She laid quite a number of eggs, many of which I sat, but never could raise any more like her. They would simply be light Brahmas. She had no wing feathers, could not fly upon a perch or nest and made a very peculiar noise when trying to cackle. The quills in the wing and tail contained a half dozen or so each of long hairs. There were no guineas or any other fowls of any kind on the farm where I bought the chickens. This is the plain unvarnished truth, and I can give you plenty of proof of the same. The hen lived to be 4 years old.—Livonia Cor. St. Louis Republic.

It Is Not Swearing.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that I didn't care a dam," said a gruff old senator in conversation with the Sunday school reporter of The Washington Star. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'dam' from the Latin verb meaning 'to condemn' is a very different thing. Curiously enough, it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners."

Happy Mountains.

A senator who not very long since left his place vacant forever, used often to quote a remark which he once overheard in the White Mountains at a hotel where he was staying with his family.

On the piazza one day a girl near him said to her companion, a damsel of her own age:

"Oh, Marianne, I do think that gown of yours is just too lovely for anything, and it is so appropriate to wear up here!"

The other smiled self approvingly.

"Yes," she said, smoothing down the folds of the frock in question, "I do think this gown sets off the mountains better than any other I ever had on."—Youth's Companion.

Before the Confounding of Babel.

According to tradition, sack—a bag—was the last word uttered before the tongues were confounded at Babel. The derivation of the word is as follows: Saxon, sæc; German, sach; Welsh, sach; Irish, sac; French, sac; Latin, saccus; Italian, sacco; Spanish, saco; Greek, sakkos; Hebrew, sak; Swedish, sack.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

American Enterprise in Africa.

The example of the United States in recognizing the flag of the International Association, now the Independent State of Congo, was followed by all the powers of Europe, and under this name, with the assent of the Belgian government, it entered into the family of nations, and its illustrious founder is carrying on effectively a model government in the interests of civilization and freedom. Several Belgian companies have been organized and are developing its resources, the principal one of which is a railroad company with $5,000,000 capital, now engaged in building a railroad around the cataracts, a distance of about 260 miles, from Matadi to Stanley Pool.

As the American flag, borne by Stanley, was the first one displayed to the natives in his voyage of exploration down that river, so the American flag was the first displayed on the waters of the Upper Congo, leading the vanguard of commerce. The Sanford exploring expedition, organized the 28th of June, 1886, launched the Florida, the first commercial steamer on the waters of the Congo, after a year of laborious effort in transporting it, mostly in sixty pound parcels, on the heads of some two thousand porters. This was followed by the little steamer New York, and at the expiration of its term of two and a half years was taken over by the "Belgian Company of Commerce on the Upper Congo." On the 9th of July, 1887, was formed the Belgian Company of Commerce and Industry, which is the parent so to say, of the five or six Belgian Congo companies, all successfully working there. To show the growing popularity of Congo enterprises, held in such disfavor when the Sanford exploring expedition was formed that only one-third of its little capital of 800,000 francs could be obtained from Belgians, it may be stated that at a recent increase of capital of the Haut Congo company to 3,000,000 francs the public subscription was covered ninefold.—Col. Henry Sanford in Forum.

Chloroforming Wild Turkeys.

Jim White owns a patch of ground near this place. The surrounding forest abounds in wild turkeys, and in the spring old Jim spends most of his time hunting their nests and occasionally capturing the birds alive. This he accomplishes in a novel manner, yet the process is much more matter of fact than sportsmanlike.

He first discovers the turkey's roosting place, and then, under cover of darkness, he fires a brush heap near the tree which he has previously prepared, and while the turkey's attention is attracted to the flames Jim creeps up to the tree with his appliance used for making the capture. This consists of several sections of strong bamboo rods, jointed like a fishing rod, and may be extended twenty or thirty feet in length. At the top end is secured a saucer shaped vessel, over which a small bottle is fastened, neck downward. To the cork is attached a cord, which runs the entire length of the rod. The bottle is then filled with chloroform, and under cover of dark shadows Jim noiselessly elevates the drug to within a short distance of the turkey's nose. He then pulls the string, causing the cork to withdraw and allowing the drug to fall into the vessel. The fluid is at once inhaled, and the bird presently drops to the ground stupefied.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE RIDE INTO KENTUCKY.

A Traveler's Impressions of the Famous Blue Grass Regions.

All the way from Washington till I struck the heart of Kentucky the farmer in me was unhappy; he saw hardly a rood of land that he would like to call his own. But that remnant of the wild man of the woods, which most of us still carry, saw much that delighted him, especially down the New river, where the rocks and the waters and the steep forest clad mountains were as wild and as savage as anything he had known in his early Darwinian ages. But when we emerged upon the banks of the Great Kanawha the man of the woods lost his interest and the man of the fields saw little that was comforting.

When we cross the line into Kentucky, I said, we shall see a change. But no, we did not. The farmer still groaned in spirit; no thrifty farms, no substantial homes, no neat villages, no good roads anywhere, but squalor and sterility on every hand. Nearly all the afternoon we rode through a country like the poorer parts of New England, unredeemed by anything like New England thrift. It was a country of coal, a very new country, geologically speaking, and the top soil did not seem to have had time to become deepened and enriched by vegetable mold.

Near sundown, as I glanced out of the window, I thought I began to see a change. Presently I was very sure I did. It began to appear in the more grassy character of the woods. Then I caught sight of peculiarly soft and uniform grassy patches here and there in the open. Then in a few moments more the train had fairly shot us into the edge of the blue grass region, and the farmer in me began to be on the alert. We had passed in a twinkling from a portion of the earth's surface which is new, which is of yesterday, to a portion which is of the oldest, from the carboniferous to the lower silurian. Here upon this lower silurian the earth that saw and nourished the great monsters and dragons was growing the delicate blue grass. It had taken all these millions upon millions of years to prepare the way for this little plant to grow to perfection.

I thought I had never seen fields and low hills look so soft in the twilight; they seemed clad in greenish gray fur. As we neared Mount Sterling how fat and smooth the land looked; what long, even, gently flowing lines against the fading western sky, broken here and there by herds of slowly grazing or else reposing and ruminating cattle! What peace and plenty it suggested! From a land raw and crude and bitter like unripe fruit we had suddenly been transported into the midst of one ripe and mellow with the fullness of time. It was sweet to look upon. I was seized with a strong desire to go forth and taste it by a stroll through it in the twilight. —John Burroughs in Century.

Father and Son.

The late Charles C. Waite, at one time proprietor of the old Sherman house, Chicago, and for many years a leading hotel keeper of New York city (being sole proprietor of the Brevoort house and part proprietor of the Windsor hotel), at his death left a son, Charles B. Waite, whom he fondly hoped would be his successor in business. The young man was a failure, however, as a hotel keeper and worse than a failure as a politician. His connection with other boodle aldermen in New York is well remembered and two or three years ago he left that city for California, where he has since led a desultory existence. For years the elder Waite employed as chef of the Brevoort house Eugene Mehl, who was very justly regarded as one of the most capable men that ever took charge of a kitchen and to whom Mr Waite paid for many years the munificent salary of $6,000 per annum. Mr. Mehl is now the successful proprietor of the handsome Hotel Ryan, at St. Paul, Minn., and, to his credit be it said, he has given employment to Charles B. Waite, who is now performing the duties of superintendent at the Hotel Ryan.—Hotel Reporter.

Beef Tea.

For my own use I prefer for its flavor and quality beef tea made in the following manner: Take a pound of the round of beef or any juicy lean part; cut it in small pieces, and putting it in a bowl pour over it one pint of cold water. Let it stand half an hour or more, as convenient; then put it in a broad basin, and as it begins to heat press the meat with the back of a silver or wooden spoon, until all the juice is expressed. If the water cooks away add a little from the teakettle, so as to have the same quantity when done. Season it with a little salt and pepper, if allowable, and heat as needed. I prefer this for use without straining.—Cor. Good Housekeeping.

He Laughed Too Soon.

A well dressed, ladylike looking woman entered a tramcar the other day with her little boy of about 6 years of age. On the conductor coming to collect the fares the lady handed her little son a half crown, he being nearer the door. The little fellow examined the coin carefully and then gave it to the conductor. Scarcely had the man returned the change than the youngster clapped his hands and looking at his mother exclaimed triumphantly:

"Mamma, mamma, he has taken the bad half crown!"—London Tid Bits.

Booming the Show.

"Where's that living skeleton?" asked Hayseed.

"Well, the fact is," said the showman confidentially, "he fell into the slot of that weighing machine this morning and we haven't got him out yet. If you'll come back to-morrow night I guess you can see him."—Chatter.

An Eye for Business.

Dr. Ford—May I ask why this refusal?

Miss Millions—Certainly, doctor! You know my sister married a lawyer, so if I expect to get any of papa's money I must marry a lawyer also.—Munsey's Weekly.

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St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 2sth st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Aahenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B. Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtomb, C R, 941 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1e 8 Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degulse, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 259 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2316 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Mary A. Donnelly, Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, vs. John F. Donnelly, Mary V. Donnelly, Bernard P. Donnelly, Daniel Donnelly, Margaret Donnelly, and David J. Donnelly, minors. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered, in the above entitled cause, on the 25th day of June, A.D. 1890, on the petition of the said Administratrix to sell the real estate belonging to said estate to pay debts, I will, on Tuesday, the 29th day of July, A. D. 1890, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the east main entrance of the Court House, on Clark street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was, of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot number Forty-one (41) in Block Two (2) in B. Shurtleff's subdivision of the north half (N ½) of Block Twenty-two (22) in the Canal Trustees' Subdivision of Section Thirty-three (33), Township Thirty-nine (39), North, Range Fourteen (14), East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian.

Said real estate will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of the widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered to the purchaser until the sale shall be approved by said court. Terms cash. MARY A. DONNELLY, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, June 26, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of George M. Mitchell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.

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M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the August Term, A. D. 1890. In the matter of the application of Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of John Seery, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said John Seary that the said petitioner, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block Four (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of Blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1890, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said John Seery, shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of August, 1890, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.

M. E. Ames, Comp'ainant's Solicitor, Room 6, 81 Clark-st.

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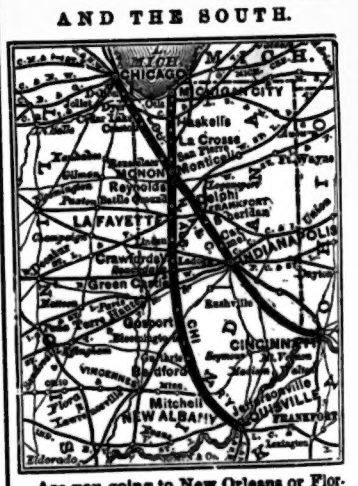

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ESTATE OF JOSEPH BURNS, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Burns, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof. THOMAS MORAN, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 23, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.